

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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One Halfpenny.

KAISER'S SCHEME TO CLOSE THE BALTIC TO BRITISH BATTLESHIPS.



Kaiser William is stated to have been negotiating with the Tsar and the Kings of Sweden and Denmark with the object of shutting out British ships of war from the Baltic, so the Atlantic Fleet is to go there next month mainly as a hint to everyone concerned that the British Government is fully aware of what is going on, and is prepared to check any such scheme at the outset. The map gives the position of the Baltic Sea in relation to the British Islands, and shows the narrow channels by which alone it can be entered. Portraits of the four Sovereigns whose dominions have a Baltic coastline are also reproduced—Kaiser William of Germany (on the left) and King Oscar of Sweden (on the right) at the top, and King Christian of Denmark (on the left) and Tsar Nicholas of Russia (on the right) at the bottom of the page.

WHAT TO DO TO-MORROW.

A.M. 7.45	If you have a Headache , stop it.	ZOX is the safest, quickest cure. All chemists, 1/- per box.
8.0	Eat Quaker Oats for Breakfast.	Less meat and more Quaker Oats will make you work better and play better.
8.40	Drink Cadbury's Cocoa .	Invigorating, Sustaining, Comforting.
9.15	Get your Ticket at Dean & Dawson's	82, Strand, London, W.C., and Branches.
9.30 Etc.	Travel by Great Central .	Send to-day to Marylebone Station for their A.B.C. Excursion Programme. . .
11.0	A " Bovril and Soda ."	Cooling and Refreshing. .
P.M. 1.0	Lunch ^{wisely} on Poulton & Noel's Prime Tongue .	
1.20	BIRD'S CUSTARD AND STEWED FRUIT	Nature provides the Fruit: " BIRD " supplies the Custard: Try them together.
5.0	A Cup of Lyons' Tea .	The Cup that Cheers.
8.45	The 9 o'clock Show at the Coliseum .	
11.0	Supper at Lyons' Popular Cafe	
12.0	After a Grand Day Take Beecham's Pills .	

UNEMPLOYED DEFY POLICE.

Riotous Scenes in the Heart
of Manchester.

MANY INJURED.

Labour Leader in the House of
Commons Predicts Lawlessness.

The unemployed left to starve might not suffer in silence, but behave as persons outside the Law.

These words of warning were uttered by Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., in the House of Commons yesterday, when protesting against the Government's proposed sacrifice of the Unemployed Bill.

And almost at the same time as these words were being spoken at St. Stephen's they were being fulfilled in Manchester.

In that city there was yesterday a grave conflict, resulting in injury to a considerable number of people, between the unemployed and the police of that city.

For some weeks past the unemployed have been holding meetings in one of the principal squares in the centre of the city, and, although some rather extreme sentiments have from time to time been expressed at these gatherings, the proceedings, together with processions, have been tolerated by the authorities and the general public with the utmost consideration.

It was just at the busiest time yesterday when 500 of the demonstrators marched into Market-street, one of the main arteries of Cottonopolis.

The paths were crammed, and along the roads flew the tramcars, past the great lumbering lorries that thundered over the sets.

A TRAMCAR BOARDED.

The exact origin of the trouble is not yet known, but it is thought that some of the unemployed processionists grew impatient because their progress was impeded by the congested character of the traffic.

However this may be, a disturbance rose with startling rapidity. The unemployed boarded one of the tramcars.

Immediately a force of police arrived, and then a furious fight for possession took place.

Sticks were freely used, and heads were broken, a number of injured persons going to the infirmary to be treated.

It was some time before order was restored, and then it was but for a short spell. The police arrested the ringleaders, and, as soon as this news was whispered through the now inflamed crowd, the shouting throng rushed off to the town hall, where, surging excitedly round the police office, they fiercely demanded the release of their comrades.

LEADERS CHARGED.

A charge of inciting the crowd to violence was preferred against Messrs. Skivington, Steadman, and Macgregor, who, however, were liberated from the police office, the crowd-bearing them off in triumph. Then followed another meeting, at which speeches, described as of a menacing character, were delivered, and a memorial to the Government detailing the occurrences of the day was drawn up and dispatched to Parliament.

"DIABOLICAL OPPRESSION."

Irishman Charged with Seditious Libel by
Posting Placards.

For posting up green placards bringing various accusations against the police, Daniel Boyle was remanded on a charge of seditious libel at Belfast yesterday.

The placards called on the "true men of Gael" to "isolate the police," who were described as the "effective instruments of England's diabolical oppression," and as "wretched slaves who, Judas-like, have sold themselves for a share of the gold which England wrings from your poverty and wretchedness."

The placard also called upon Irishmen to rouse themselves and "chase away the spies." At the Belfast Assizes recently a man charged with a similar offence was acquitted by the jury on the ground that he had no seditious intent.

GOOD NEWS FOR CHATHAM.

It is rumoured that, after all the opposition to the proposed change, the headquarters of the Royal Engineers will not be removed from Chatham.

In the meantime Sir Evelyn Wood will preside over a committee to consider the suitability of Salisbury Plain as a Royal Engineering station.

GLORIOUS GOODWOOD.

The King and Queen To Grace the
Great Race Meeting To-day.

A JOYOUS FUNCTION.

To-day begins the Goodwood meeting, the most select, exclusive, and enjoyable race meeting in the world.

The smartness of Ascot, the sport of Newmarket, and the pleasantness of Sandown all fade into insignificance beside the real enjoyment and the freedom of "the great social picnic of the year," as Goodwood has been rightly called.

It is pre-eminently a social meeting. Everybody knows everybody else. It is a large and friendly gathering of fashion on one of the fairest estates in the kingdom.

There is a certain amount of ceremonial observed, on account of the presence of the King and Queen, who always grace the meeting with their attendance, staying either at Goodwood House, or West Dean Park.

This year the Duke of Richmond has been honoured by the presence of their Majesties, and this morning, about noon, his stately equipages, drawn by four horses, will convey the royal party and other guests to the course.

A STATELY STAND.

The Duke of Richmond owns, on the course, a stately private stand, which is charmingly situated amid trees, with a delightful view of the racing. Although there are luncheon and other rooms attached to it, lunch, on a fine day, is often served on the small, flower-bedecked lawn behind.

There is a grand stand, which is always full, for the sport at Goodwood is of the best, but the great ladies and the smart men are to be found on coaches, which line a goodly portion of the course, or in one or other of the private enclosures or regimental tents.

A few soldiers, for instance, the Guards, always dispense regal hospitality on this occasion.

Here it is that Goodwood is seen at its true best. Beneath the spreading trees—the chief beauties of Goodwood—one catches a glimpse of white tablecloths, indicating luncheon-tables spread in the seclusion of the woods, or sees people strolling about in the shade.

The King himself abandons all etiquette and walks about chatting to his friends.

Goodwood is called a "straw-hat meeting," which is to say top-hats are seldom seen and frockcoats are absent, the men wearing tweeds and even grey flannels with Homburg or straw-hats, with regimental or club colours.

CAMP OF MARTIAL MURDER.

Russian Revolutionists Shot by Hundreds in
Strict Seclusion.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ODESSA, Monday.—The aftermath of the recent Odessa massacre has been apparent for the last week. The military camp lying some few miles outside the city, under summer canvas, was strictly forbidden to the public, nor were visitors allowed to see even the officers.

The daily fusillades heard by the occupants of the neighbouring villas were said to be the ordinary rifle practice. The official statement was so far true, but the fusillades were directed at human targets.

I am informed on the best authority that about 400 persons, including many recalcitrant soldiers, implicated in the recent riots, pillage, and arson, have been shot under martial law during the last six days.

CENSORS GO MAD.

"Mirror" Pictures "Blacked Out" by Mis-
take by Tsar's Overwrought Officials.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—Mr. Alexei V. Belgrad, formerly Governor of Esthonia, who was recently appointed Director of the Department for Press Affairs, is in sore straits.

Since January, 1904, no fewer than 114 of the Censor's staff in St. Petersburg have gone mad with long hours and the monotony of their labours.

One poor wretch, after vain requests for a holiday, became light-headed, and blacked out totally inoffensive pictures in the *Daily Mirror* and other newspapers, at the same time allowing facts about the Tsar's private life and the Imperial Family to pass unscathed through the department.

BATTLE IN THE EAST INDIES.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—A telegram published by the newspapers states that Dutch troops were sent against the Prince of Boni, a native state of Celebes, to quell a rebellion.

One officer was killed and twenty-five men were killed and wounded on the Dutch side. Two hundred and sixty Boni natives were killed.—Reuter.

BILLS TO BE PASSED.

Vigorous Protests Against the Dropping
of the Unemployed Bill.

A crowded and expectant House yesterday listened to Mr. Balfour's statement setting forth the intentions of the Government in regard to the remaining legislative programme of the session.

The Prime Minister, who announced the fate of the Bills, in moving the suspension of the Twelve O'clock Rule, said the session must close next week. He declared that the Bills that must be passed are—The Appropriation Bill, the Naval Bill, Loan Bill, the Relief of Distress (Ireland) Bill, East India Loan Railways Bill, Expiring Laws Continuance Bill, Public Works Loan Bill, Isle of Man Customs Bill, together with the Telephone Agreement Resolution and certain Supply business.

"I hope," he added, "to pass some others, including the Claque Ports Bill just introduced, but the realisation of that hope depends entirely upon the attitude of the House in general and the Opposition in particular. Any measure which receives serious opposition has no chance of passing."

But he made no reference to the Unemployed Bill, and this point was at once questioned by the Opposition.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, after criticising the "extraordinary barrenness of the ground," said:

"The Unemployed Bill and the Scotch Education Bill appeared to be wrecked. The Government had had notice from the country, and he did not know why they did not leave before their month was up."

Mr. Edmund asked for information as to the Unemployed Bill. He said there was no sacrifice the Irish members would not make to pass it.

The chief interest of the session from the Labour members' point of view is centred in this Bill.

Mr. Keir Hardie also made a fiery speech, referred to in another column, in which he protested strongly against the Bill being dropped.

"I and the Labour members are still not without hope that something may be done," writes the M.P. who represents the *Daily Mirror* in the Lobby. "They are anxious to see the Unemployed Bill passed, and there is little doubt that if Mr. Balfour could give an undertaking in respect to this Bill it would give immense satisfaction in all quarters of the House."

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Reasons for an Autumn Dissolution To Come
"Like a Thief in the Night."

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Monday Night.—There has been considerable talk in the Lobby to-day respecting the reported autumn dissolution and the official contradiction which appeared in a Unionist organ.

Notwithstanding this categorical denial, there is a general consensus of opinion that Mr. Balfour will appeal to the country towards the end of October or the beginning of November.

In support of this view I quote two significant reports. The first is that the Premier, in his interview with the King, assigned the foreign situation as one reason for not resigning, and particularly the recent activity of the Kaiser in relation to Norway.

The second is that various Conservative members who contemplated a prolonged autumn tour in India have been advised to keep themselves in touch with this country during the early autumn.

As Mr. Balfour himself recently put it, the dissolution will come "like a thief in the night," but I adhere to the view that it will be an autumn dissolution.

GREEN KNICKERBOCKERS.

Child's Suit of Billiard-Table Cloth Leads to
an Arrest.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday.—M. Bonneté, a café proprietor, whose billiard-room was recently raided by burglars, stumbled upon the culprits yesterday in a remarkable way.

He was at the Bontanic Gardens, and saw two children playing with three billiard balls. One of the two was arrayed in a costume made of billiard-table cloth of the characteristic green. The other wore green knickerbockers with a mended rent he recognised.

The mother, when questioned, said she had bought them from a waiter named Montagne. This man, who was in Bonneté's employ, has been arrested.

WAS IT A BOGUS EXPLOSION?

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday.—A rumour has reached Paris from Constantinople through a reliable channel that the attempt on the life of the Sultan was an act of private vengeance, planned by a Circassian lady, a member of the Sultan's harem.

Her brother, the colonel of a Circassian regiment, had recently been exiled. Since this she has sought an opportunity for revenge.

ROYAL ROMANCE.

Grand Duke's Long Struggle Against
the Tsar's Veto.

HIS BOYHOOD'S LOVE.

The action of the Tsar, who has for the second time refused to sanction the marriage of the Grand Duke Cyril to the divorced wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse, has again checked one of the most romantic love affairs there have been in royal circles for many years.

It is of particular interest to English people, the ex-Grand Duchess being one of the charming daughters of the late Duke of Edinburgh and a niece of England's King.

The Grand Duke Cyril is the eldest son of the Grand Duke Vladimir, and is now nearly twenty-nine years of age, a few months older than the lady whom he has loved so long. When he was but sixteen years of age he fell in love with his pretty and vivacious cousin, then Princess Victoria Melita of Edinburgh.

PARENTS DISCOURAGE LOVERS.

But the affair was looked on with disfavour by the parents of both—more especially since the Greek Church forbids the marriage of first cousins.

A year later the Princess Victoria married the Grand Duke of Hesse, but after seven years of unhappy married life a divorce was obtained owing to "incompatibility of temper." Nor is this wonderful, seeing that the Princess Victoria was ever of a lively disposition and a keen sportswoman, whilst her husband was a grave man, given to embroidery, music, and carpentry.

No sooner had the Grand Duke Cyril heard of the divorce than he hurried to Coburg, where his boyhood's love was now living. There for a time the course of true love seemed to run smoothly.

In 1904 the Duke begged for the Tsar's sanction to the wedding, but it was refused.

In despair the Grand Duke accepted a lieutenancy in the Russian navy, and was one of the few survivors of the Petropavlovsk when she was blown up at Port Arthur.

HOPED FOR THE TSAR'S CONSENT.

For his bravery the Tsar presented him with a gold sword "for valour," and it was rumoured that all obstacles to the Duke's wedding would be removed.

A short time afterwards it was reported that the royal lovers had been secretly married, having bribed a priest of the Greek Church to wed them. But this report appears to have been unfounded, and the Tsar has again forbidden the wedding.

It remains to be seen whether the Grand Duke Cyril and the English Princess will decide to abandon rank and wealth in favour of love and happiness.

SUBSTITUTE FOR LOVE.

Professor Denounces Falling in Love as Reck-
less and Blameworthy.

"Is it wrong to fall in love?" is the disturbing question raised by Professor Starr, of Chicago University.

The Professor answers the question in the affirmative, courageously defying the almost universal opinion.

He declares that falling in love is a reckless, blameworthy custom. In his opinion, a young man should first consult an authority on anthropology, and then inform the girl of his choice that he selected her on high scientific grounds.

Professor Starr is going to give a party to which young engaged persons and those who contemplate an engagement will have the theory expounded to them.

It is to be hoped that Professor Starr will practise what he preaches.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

M. Jaluzot, proprietor of the newspapers, "Patrie," and "Petite Presse," is reported to have lost £260,000 in dealings on the French sugar market yesterday.

Admiral Rojestvensky is now able to leave his bed and sit on a chair. The Admiral, however, states Reuter, suffers from severe pains in his foot, which prevent him from walking.

Cholera has broken out at Madras amongst the large numbers of beggars who have flocked in from the famine-stricken areas, and the death-rate is officially estimated at 59.7 per thousand.

Uneasiness is felt among investors since it has become known that nearly £1,000,000 worth of the Morgan Shipping Combine bonds have been underwritten by American insurance companies whose affairs are under official investigation.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: South-westerly winds; rather changeable; fair to cloudy, with occasional rain; moderate; sea breezes. Windings-up time, 8.46 p.m. Sea passages will be moderate or rather rough.

AMERICAN GIRLS

"DOING LONDON."

Breathless at the Sight of the
£6,000,000 Wallace Collection.

WHAT STRUCK THEM.

Scene: Outside the Wallace Collection.
Time: Yesterday afternoon.

Characters: A "Man from Cook's" and the sixty-four American girls who are "doing" London in three days at the expense of the "Pittsburg Leader." During the morning they have visited Kensington Palace, the Tate Gallery, etc., and have now arrived in three large brakes.

The Man from Cook's: You have all read Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." This is Steyne House, where Becky Sharp lived.

Chorus: Waaol! My! I never! Girls, did ye hear that? Becky Sharp! Out of "Vanity Fair."

The party troops to the door.

The Man from Cook's: The collection you are about to see was bequeathed to the nation by the late Lady Wallace, and is valued at six millions.

Chorus: O — — — h! Gasps of speechless surprise. Six million dollars! When?

The Man from Cook's: No, not dollars, sovereigns—pounds, pounds sterling.

(The feelings of the party are much too deep for words. On the threshold one murmurs: "Girls, can you trust yourselves?" Another whispers: "Seems we've been 'out-niagaraed' on this trip." Severe glances and "hushes" show that £6,000,000 is not a matter for jesting.)

The whole party flit about the first three or four rooms in irrepressibly high spirits, but the gorgeousness of their surroundings tells on them. They become awed and breathless.)

One of the Younger Members: Did you say six million pounds?

The Man from Cook's: Well, that is, of course, merely a computation. The collection is priceless. Six millions expresses—

Chorus: Six million pounds!

The Man from Cook's: This is the jewel casket of Marie Antoinette, the Queen who had her head cut off.

Chorus: Queen who had—My!

(One of the more thoughtful members creeps quietly up to the guide and whispers confidentially in his ear. Only the words "six" and "pounds" can be caught. The guide nods his head impressively. During the rest of the passage through the galleries each member of the party goes through the same proceeding, and the look of awe on each face deepens. The party makes its way up to the picture-galleries.)

The Man from Cook's (pointing to a case in the centre of the room): Many of these snuff-boxes are encrusted with diamonds.

(There is an instant rush to the case. More jewels keep up quite a flutter of excitement, which is calmed, however, by the guide drawing attention to the pictures. The information that a painting by Greuze can always be recognised by the fact that the eyes are so wide apart is passed almost unnoticed.)

The Man from Cook's (with the air of one playing a trump card): Here, above the door, is a painting by Landseer.

The Girls: My, how sweet! You can't miss them. I knew him at once.

(The Man from Cook's points out that he means the picture over the other door. They are quite unabashed, and talk about knowing Landseer dogs and horses by the distance between the eyes.)

Chorus (half an hour later on the door-step): Did you say six million pounds?

The Man from Cook's is left protesting that he did.

Later, at De Keyser's Royal Hotel, on the Embankment:—

Chorus: He said six million pounds—not dollars! Waaol!

ROYALTY ANNOYED.

Duke and Duchess of Connaught Disturbed by
Rowdy Banqueters.

Banqueters in the Priory Grounds at Reigate behaved very rowdily yesterday, to the great amazement of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and other guests of Captain the Hon. R. Greville, M.P.

They strolled about singing "Blue Bell" and other popular airs, and the park officials were quite unable to keep order.

Police were called, and names and addresses of some of the noisiest of the visitors were taken.

STURGEON FOR KING EDWARD.

Alverston fishermen have asked the King to accept a royal sturgeon captured after a struggle in the estuary of the Leven.

The sturgeon is eight feet long, weighs three cwt., and remained alive hours after being landed.

DUSKY MUSICIANS.

West Indian Bandsman's Splendid Performance at the Crystal Palace.

Visitors to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition at the Crystal Palace yesterday were enthusiastic in their praise of the first performance of the band of the West India Regiment.

The British Army has good reason to be proud of these forty-one fine-looking negro bandsmen, whose execution rivals that of our best regimental bands.

Bandmaster Ryan told the *Daily Mirror* that West Indians are extremely musical.

"My bandsmen are born musicians," he said, "and are the finest possible material to make a good band with."

"This is not the first visit to London, for some of them, for the band came to England for Queen Victoria's Jubilee. We are here for five weeks."

The men speak only one language—English, and they speak that in a manner that puts to shame districts within sound of the bells of Bow.

They are staying at Wellington Barracks, where their manner of living is exactly the same as that of their white comrades.

They take keen delight in their visit. One of them said to the *Daily Mirror*:

"London is a beautiful city. It is a new experience for most of us. The buildings and the carriages, and the motor-cars are wonderful. No, we have not felt worse for the change of air. We have not felt cold."

Strolling about the West Indian Court at the Exhibition, the bandsmen expressed great admiration of everything they saw. The sugar-cane structure, and the growing canes at the entrance delighted them.

The spectacle of English people buying West Indian souvenirs—quaint pottery, sugar, Blue Mountain coffee from Jamaica, jams, pickles, and hot condiments gave the bandsmen great satisfaction.

One of the most interesting exhibits is the asphalt, from the inexhaustible asphalt lakes of Trinidad, which supply nearly the whole of the world.

The band played music of all kinds, including some effective West Indian melodies, which were vociferously applauded.

WRONG KIND OF NAILS.

Swiss Guides Attribute Many Alpine Accidents to Dangerous Footwear.

The sad death of the Rev. Walter Haasehurst is attributed, like many of the recent Alpine accidents, to unsuitable boots.

The proper Alpine boot for rough climbing is a heavy English shooting boot of either calfskin or porpoise or cowhide.

There are many varieties of the hob-nailed sole, but that recommended by the Alpine guides as the safest in dangerous places is the sole completely edged with overlapping Swiss nails.

The Swiss nail is softer than the English make, and is said to take a firmer grip on rough places. The most experienced climbers prefer to have these nails put on English-made boots in Switzerland.

Another safe sole is that shod with forged steel nails. These nails are arranged in seven groups of three nails each on the sole and five groups on the heel.

A well made pair of Alpine boots costs about 50s.

SIDE-SADDLE OR ASTRIDE?

Proposal To Revolutionise Women's Way of Horse-Riding.

"Colonial" writes from Highgate:—"I see that one of the royal princesses is to be taught to ride cross-saddle in the Colonial fashion. Is it not time for English girls to adopt this very sensible plan also?"

Many Englishwomen have told me that the fear of the insecure side-saddle had kept them from enjoying this most delightful of all exercises. My own sisters have always ridden cross-saddle, and do so now at my father's farm in Victoria.

"Surely it is not the prudish fear of the short skirt that keeps Englishwomen to such an exhausting and obsolete method of riding? I should be interested to know if your lady readers have any real explanation to give as to why a girl should ride a horse in so extraordinarily a manner as perching on its side."

ASSETS EIGHTEENPENCE.

Eighteenpence was the only available asset of Hippolyte Plassat, an American, whose liabilities ranked as £738 in the Bankruptcy Court yesterday. He held 11,000 mining shares which were worthless, and attributed his failure to the bad state of financial business.

For boys who are not strong a regular course of light physical exercise has been started at Rhindell's School, Tiverton, with the object of developing them in the directions needed.

'LITERARY RUBBISH.'

Publishers Defend Sixpenny Novels Against Lord Alverstone.

'BEST WORKS OF THE DAY.'

Lord Alverstone, in the course of an impressive address on present-day literature at Sandown, Isle of Wight, on Saturday last, denounced the cheap book as "sixpenny fling-through-the-window rubbish," and said he was sorry to see it so popular.

The Lord Chief Justice's words have naturally aroused a great deal of interest in the publishing trade and amongst readers of this class of literature which has been a popular feature of the book market for some years past.

"Speaking generally," said Mr. Fisher Unwin to the *Daily Mirror*, "to a literary man the average sixpenny novel may be an eyesore, printed as it invariably is on cheap paper, and containing a quantity of advertisements. But it is wrong to describe it as rubbish. Why, some of the best books of the day are published in this form."

"There are, however, some publishers who glut the market with inferior 'novels' at the price of sixpence—books which ought never to have seen the light of day, and these are probably the publications against the reading of which Lord Alverstone has protested."

The "Penny Dreadful's" Deathblow.

Messrs. Methuen's manager was firm in his opinion that the sixpenny novel has come to stay, and equally strong in denouncing the publishers of "literary rubbish."

"It seems practically certain," he declared, "that the popularity of the sixpenny novel has been the deathblow to the 'penny dreadful.' Just look down that list, and you will note works by such authors as Conan Doyle, S. Baring-Gould, Robert Barr, George Eliot, and Anthony Hope—and all at the price of sixpence."

"There may be a certain amount of truth in what the Lord Chief Justice says about sixpenny rubbish, but because a few publishers place inferior publications before the eyes of the great book-reading public it is hardly justice to describe the sixpenny novel as unwholesome rubbish."

A visit to several of the best-known retail booksellers, whose counters were stacked up with popular sixpenny editions, confirmed the view that the demand for the paper-covered novel is daily increasing.

"Five years ago," declared a well-known retail bookseller, "a customer purchased a single copy of, say, Messrs. Newnes' sixpenny publications. Now that same customer will ask me for a list, from which he will select seven or eight."

"Rubbish, well, in Messrs. Methuen's sixpenny Standard Library series there are such works as 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Novels of Jane Austen,' and Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall.'"

"I don't know whether you would call those rubbish!"

DEVEREUX'S DOOM.

Execution Fixed—Pathetic Appeal on Behalf of "Poor Little Stanley."

The High Sheriff of the County of London has fixed the 15th inst. for the execution of the culprit Devereux, which will take place at Pentonville Gaol.

In recognition of their splendid work in connection with the case, the Chief Commissioner of Police has decided to promote Detective-Inspector William Pollard and Sergeant Cole, the former to be Chief Detective-Inspector, and Cole to be inspector.

The question of what will become of poor little Stanley Devereux has roused much sympathetic curiosity among *Daily Mirror* readers.

"One can only hope," writes one of our correspondents, "that he will never know of his father's crime. Would that some generous man with means would take him under his care."

"I should be glad to help any fund that might be started through your paper."

MORE ELECTRIC TRAINS TO-DAY.

Twenty electric trains will to-day commence running on the District Railway between Richmond and Whitechapel.

By the autumn it is hoped that the whole of the service will be electric. The delay, states the company, is due to the unpunctual delivery of the new trains by foreign firms.

RIDERLESS HORSE GAVE THE ALARM.

Unable to swim, James Green Spavin, a young man, was thrown from his horse in attempting to cross the River Derwent at Scarborough, and drowned.

The riderless horse was seen by a visitor shortly afterwards, but too late to render assistance. Accidentally drowned was the verdict at yesterday's inquest.

TRAM V. TRAIN.

Unconscious Humour at a Meeting of the South-Eastern's Shareholders.

Anybody but a shareholder would have been amused yesterday at the half-yearly meeting of the South-Eastern Railway, at which Mr. H. Cosmo Bonsor presided.

This gentleman was brimming over with humour as rich as it was unconscious. There was a loss of some 1,439,000 third-class suburban passengers and £13,000 in receipts to explain.

Mr. Bonsor blandly told the shareholders that they had a "certain consolation" in the reflection that the traffic was not of a particularly profitable character!

As this loss was due chiefly to the competition of the electric trams, the South-Eastern directors determined upon a bold step. Brixton and Peckham were the districts in which the railway had most suffered, so they reduced the fares between London Bridge and Charing Cross.

But in spite of this, said Mr. Cosmo Bonsor, the result of the year's working had not been satisfactory.

The chairman concluded by a remark that will make the unhappy passenger compelled to travel on the South-Eastern well-nigh desperate.

He said that the public had had all to which it could lay claim, and that in future it would be the turn of the shareholders to receive consideration. While he could not, unfortunately, see at the moment any signs of that improvement in the spending power of the masses from which alone they could expect an increase in dividends, yet he felt that a great revival in trade could not long be delayed, and from that they would all benefit.

The chairman said that the public has received all the benefits to which it can lay claim. This is the result of experiments made for the *Daily Mirror*. Travelling from London Bridge to Charing Cross took, by the South-Eastern, from twenty to twenty-five minutes, although the time-tables say it can be done in from twelve to sixteen minutes. The distance can be walked in five minutes more, and omnibuses running through the most crowded part of London took no longer.

RUINING THE RIVER.

Hooligans in Launch and Motor-Boat Out Peaceful Pleasure Seekers.

Never was the "river hog," in launch and motor-boat, so much in evidence as he was this week-end.

Cookham Lock cutting was the scene of a characteristic display of selfishness and bad manners.

Although the banks of the cutting were lined with punts, and the skiffs filled with charmingly-dressed women, two heavy beamsteamer launches came out of the lock, and going full speed half-swamped many of the smaller craft.

Cries of indignation came from all sides, to be loudly renewed when an ugly-looking motor-boat raced up the cutting and set up a fresh wash.

"Brutal hooliganism," was the expression used by an elderly gentleman (twenty-five years resident at Maidenhead).

Boulter's, the most celebrated lock on the Thames, is to be enlarged. The present structure will not be altered, but a new lock will be built immediately above it.

SPARTAN TRAINING.

Japanese Students Sit Up All Night in Winter, and Eat Rice Only.

"The food often consisted of nothing else than a little rice with a very little salt or the like."

Baron Suematsu makes this remark writing of his youthful days at a Japanese college in an article on Japanese education in the "Independent Review."

"The chief feature of the college institutions in those days," he writes, "was enforced privation and hardship. I can never forget the days when I, in common with all others, ate meals only twice a day, and those two of the simplest diet."

"We sometimes sat up whole nights in winter with scarcely any fire to warm us in order to accustom ourselves to rigid discipline."

LADY BARS THE WAY.

For hindering a man from passing with his horses and omnibus along a public highway at Clayton, the Hon. Cecilia Tollemache was fined at Hayward's Heath yesterday.

It was said that defendant drew her governess car right in front of the omnibus horses and nearly caused an accident.

DESPAIRING WIDOW'S "WAY OUT."

"I thought if I was the best way out of it," said Caroline Remont, an elderly widow, when rescued by a constable.

Evicted from her house, she had jumped into the ornamental water in Regent's Park. She was remanded at Marylebone.

MISS KELLERMAN IN GREAT FORM.

Swims 12 Miles in 2Hr. 40Min.
in a Heavy Sea.

'BETTER THAN TRAIN.'

All Deal, inhabitants and visitors, turned out to welcome Annette Kellerman, the nineteen-year-old Australian girl, who will attempt to swim the Channel for the *Daily Mirror* trophy, when she swam in Dover just before noon yesterday.

Through the *Daily Mirror* everyone knew the Australian mermaid, as she has been christened, was coming to Deal, and all the morning the crowds on beach and pier strained their eyes southward, watching for the little tossing boat which would proclaim her coming.

Soon after eight o'clock Skipper Cole, the Dover boatman, who knows the adverse currents and tides of the Channel as well as any man living, ordered a start. The morning was glorious, with a light breeze rippling the water. Sunday's gale had left its mark in the long, slow-rolling billows, but Miss Kellerman only laughed as the boat rolled and tossed this way and that.

"Oh," she said, "it will just be rocking in the cradle of the deep."

This little Colonial girl has a veritable lion's heart. Nothing daunts her, and her one trouble is that she cannot start off quickly by herself and swim to Calais without anybody knowing.

As the boat came off Admiralty Pier the skipper lifted his oars.

"Now, young lady," he said smiling, the wrinkles coming over his mahogany-tanned cheeks, "now for Deal."

'To Save Train Fares!'

"My name," said the mermaid sternly as she adjusted her goggles, "is Tootie Kellerman, if you please, Tootie," she added, as she balanced herself for a moment before diving, "is going to swim round the coast to save train fares. Here goes! So long!"

There was a little splash and a smiling face and graceful body were forging through the water.

Her ease as she swims is marvellous. There are two brown arms floating in the sunlight in that arduous over-arm stroke, and mile after mile is covered without seeming effort.

It looks so easy, so simple to swim in this graceful position, yet it is the most difficult of all styles.

She draws water to her and flings it away behind, and she is two yards nearer her goal.

"We ain't goin' straight to Deal," declared the skipper, laying down the law. "We're goin' out where you'll meet tides and currents, Miss Mermaid."

Out went the swimmer, and the little boat tossed and tumbled horribly, to the extreme discomfort of one member of the little party. The currents were there, and strong tides.

Twelve Miles in 180 Minutes.

At twenty to twelve, after swimming twelve miles against the tides, Miss Kellerman walked up on to the beach at Deal and climbed into a bathing-machine.

The crowd cheered and clapped, and the mermaid laughingly nodded and bowed. It was, in the words of the skipper, "A real good swim."

"I'm proud of you, miss," he said. "Twelve miles in 2 hours and 40 minutes is a fine performance for any swimmer. You'll do the Channel yet, and make 'em all jealous."

To-day Miss Kellerman will swim to Ramsgate, and *Daily Mirror* readers should watch for her on the beach during the morning.

Look for the boat with a kite and *Daily Mirror* flag flying. Miss Kellerman will be near it.

PASSPORTS CASE.

Attorney-General and a Predecessor Dispute
the Passing of Sentence.

Should the Lord Chief Justice proceed to pass sentence upon Henry L. Brailsford, journalist, and Arthur H. M. McCulloch, actor, who at a "trial at Bar" last week were found guilty of conspiracy to obtain a passport by a false declaration?

That was the question which was the subject of a learned dispute in the Divisional Court yesterday between Sir Robert Finlay, Attorney-General, and Sir Robert Reid, ex-Attorney-General.

The latter Sir Robert said the conviction was wrong, because of a defect in the indictment. Neither of the prisoners meant "to embroil our relations with Russia."

After the Attorney-General had made a profound reply the hearing was adjourned until to-day.

DEATH ON THE PROMENADE.

A man, believed to be a German waiter, was found shot through the heart in a shelter on the promenade at Douglas (Isle of Man).

In his hand was a revolver, one chamber of which was discharged.

BABEL OF TONGUES.

Prince of Wales Opens Remarkable
Meeting in Imperial Institute.

Had any innocent citizen accidentally wandered into the Imperial Institute yesterday he would have pinched himself to discover whether or not he were dreaming.

On all sides he would have heard the clamour of foreign tongues, and seen the violent gesticulations common to foreigners when they argue. To his astonished eye would have appeared alert Frenchmen in beautifully creased trousers, matchless morning coats, and—opera hats, hobnobbing with stolid Germans in splendid "frocks"—and boots of brightest brown.

All round him Austrians, Italians, Dutch, Spaniards, Portuguese, Greeks, Rumanians, Norwegians, and Japs he would have found gesticulating and chattering, with here and there the cutting American accent rising above the din. He would have caught himself wondering whether the Tower of Babel episode was being repeated for his especial benefit.

The occasion, however, was simply the annual meeting of the International Statistical Institute, of which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is president. Nineteen Continental countries, as well as Japan and America, were represented. The Prince himself opened the session with an interesting speech, in which he mentioned that his revered grandfather, the late Prince Consort, was one of the first to render assistance to the initial effort of statistical science to obtain for itself international recognition.

LAW BY DUOLOGUE.

Expeditions If Peremptory Way of Settling a
County Court Case.

If all law cases could be settled with the same laconic speed as that with which Judge Smyly disposed of a case at Shoreditch County Court yesterday, the business of the Courts would never get behind-hand.

Judge: How much do you owe? Defendant: The lot.

How can you pay?—I have nothing to spare.

How much do you earn?—Thirty-seven and six pence.

Married?—Yes.

Children?—None.

Pay 10s. a month.—Thanks.

VESSEL OF DISHONOUR.

Youthful Incendiary's Frank Confession of
His Own "Evil Influence."

A strange story was told at Reigate yesterday, when a young fellow named Percy William Stedall was charged with wandering near the residence of Major Kingsley Foster, a county magistrate, with intent to commit a felony.

The Court was informed that Stedall was an old Philanthropic School boy, who received a term of imprisonment for setting fire to the school haystacks.

In a letter which the warden of the school received on Friday from the prisoner he wrote: "Can you send me a few shillings to tide over bad times? If you can't, well, I think that I shall have to come down to Redhill again, and give you a rousing up like I did before." Stedall referred to the recent fires in Croydon, and hoped they had enjoyed the fuss. He concluded: "I am evidently a vessel borne into dishonour, and my chief object in life seems to be to exercise an evil influence over everyone I come in contact with."

The mayor said Stedall was a dangerous character, but as there was not sufficient evidence to convict he would be discharged.

CARRY "ANSWERS" TO-DAY.

Banknotes Given Away to Holiday Readers
of the Popular Weekly.

"Mr. Answers" is probably as well known as the paper he has been associated with for so many years. He has been through almost every conceivable adventure, but this week he has elected, or has been advised, to scatter £5 notes throughout the country.

He will visit the beach of Bournemouth to-day (August 1), Weston-super-Mare to-morrow (August 2), Southend on Thursday (August 3), Rothsay on Friday (August 4), and Ramsgate on Saturday (August 5).

In each town he will look for a man or woman carrying a copy of "Answers" on the beach. To the first one he meets complying with these conditions he will hand a letter from the editor entitling the recipient to the sum of 45s.

MOSQUITOES BITE POLICE.

Seven constables in North London have been severely attacked by mosquitoes, which are prevalent all over the East End.

HONEYMOON QUARREL.

Wife's Curious Story of a Marriage
That Failed.

TRACKING A HUSBAND.

A beautiful lady's complaint that her husband had pulled her nose was one of the reasons that led the President of the Divorce Court to grant her a decree nisi yesterday.

Her name is Mrs. Sybil Magdalen Mary Ridway, and she was a Miss Smith before she married Mr. Francis Ridway, a gentleman in a very good position.

When Mrs. Ridway—tall, graceful, and very nicely dressed—went into the witness-box it was noticed that of a lovely face her nose was one of the most charming features. This made what she had to tell the Court all the more extraordinary.

After the marriage in 1894—in fact, a very few days after the marriage—Mr. Ridway's conduct became objectionable. The trouble was about a lady whom he had known previously.

Pulled His Wife's Nose.

The young couple then went to live at a house called Maytham Manor Lodge, and one day Mrs. Ridway asked Mr. Ridway to take her for a walk. "His reply was to push me out of the room," said Mrs. Ridway.

Mr. Le Bas: Did he take hold of your nose, and in so doing did he scratch it?

Mrs. Ridway murmured a pathetic "Yes," and one of Mrs. Ridway's maids was called as a witness to corroborate this incident.

"I noticed something funny about my mistress's nose," said the young woman, "and I asked her about it, but she answered, 'Oh, it's nothing.'"

Another maid described how, after tearing his wife's blouse, Mr. Ridway got his hand entangled in her muff-chain and could not get away. This happened at Molesey.

It was suspected that a man capable of pulling his wife's nose was likely to do things even worse, so Mr. Coles, Mrs. Ridway's brother-in-law, set himself to watch Mr. Ridway.

Betrayed by His Hat.

One afternoon Mr. Coles, himself unperceived, saw Mr. Ridway come out of the latter's West End club, and go in the direction of West Kensington. Mr. Coles, who had a friend with him, followed. The two pursuers tracked Mr. Ridway to a flat in Yarrow-mansions.

They knocked at the door of the flat which they had seen Mr. Ridway enter, and, seeing Mr. Ridway's hat on the hall table, Mr. Coles went into the dining-room.

He said to his brother-in-law, whom he found there, "Well, Ridway, you are caught at last. We have followed you for a very long time."

Mr. Ridway's reply was, "What of it? My wife said I could do what I liked."

"I certainly did not," declared Mrs. Ridway, who was invited to stand up in court and deny this.

A decree nisi was granted.

A NEW HIGH-CLASS MAGAZINE.

Striking Development This Month of "The
World and His Wife."

The August issue of "The World and His Wife" shows a remarkable advance upon even the high level already attained by this popular periodical.

It can now claim to be the leading ladies' magazine of the country. From the first page to the last it is a feast of good things specially adapted to the feminine palate.

The current number contains a host of striking features. "Are Holidays Worth While," is a brilliant article dealing with the question from a new standpoint. "The Hard Case of the Doctor's Wife" is a subject which will appeal to the medical profession generally, for the topic is dealt with in an unusually outspoken manner; while another article which shows how beauty may be a very real handicap to a woman is certain to give rise to considerable discussion.

Much common-sense information of a novel character is given about week-end cottages; while an article on "Beach Fever" points out certain unsuspected dangers of the shore.

LADY SANDHURST'S GOLD CHAIN.

Someone presented George Hill with a gold and platinum chain which had been picked up after a ball at Grosvenor-square.

He took it to a pawnbroker, but the police were sent for and he was arrested. At Willesden he was charged with stealing the chain, which belonged to Lady Sandhurst. He was given a good character, and was discharged.

Walking up the aisle of Bangor Cathedral, a tortoiseshell cat listened to the service for a while, and then made friends with a small boy in the congregation. Fearing that pussy would divert the child's attention if allowed to remain, an elderly lady removed her.

TRAPS FOR INVESTORS.

Board of Trade's Strictures on Com-
panies Compulsorily Wound Up.

Ninety-six companies, with liabilities amounting to £1,324,425, were compulsorily wound-up during 1904.

This interesting statement is made in the annual report of the Board of Trade under the Companies (Winding-up) Act, which was issued yesterday. The Board of Trade has appointed a committee to inquire what amendments are necessary in the present laws relating to joint stock companies, and in the report the committee has its attention specially drawn to a number of points.

The first of these is the growing practice of issuing companies without a prospectus. The report says the practice of issuing a prospectus has steadily decreased during the last few years.

This is, without doubt, due to a desire to avoid the necessity for disclosure of material facts imposed by the Companies Act, 1900, on all companies issuing a prospectus.

The report quotes the Ivory Coast Mining Corporation, Limited, as an example of one of the methods adopted by promoters for raising capital for a company without the issue of a prospectus. The corporation was registered with a nominal capital of £250,000 in 421 shares.

No prospectus was issued, but for the purpose of obtaining public money the promoting company subscribed in the name of a nominee for 35,000 shares upon which they paid the application and allotment money (5s. per share), and then 19,940 of these shares were sold to various persons, for the most part resident in France, many of whom complained that they were induced to purchase the shares at a considerable premium on the faith of statements which were misleading.

Thirty-six companies registered last year were not formed for the purposes of profit. Their objects were charitable, scientific, and artistic.

BOLD, BAD BATHER.

Policeman in Uniform Has To Fetch Him
Out of the Sea at Scarborough.

For stripping and entering the sea from Scarborough beach on Sunday afternoon in the presence of thousands of amazed spectators, Peter Toole was yesterday sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment.

He refused to leave the water when ordered by a constable, who thereupon went in after him, without stripping, and took him into custody.

Prisoner told the magistrate he had no recollection of what had occurred.

125 MILES FOR 4d.

Illicit Traders in Railway Tickets Fined for
Molesting Passengers.

A novel method of raising money was referred to in a case at Marylebone Police Court yesterday, when George Wood and John Scott, of the labouring class, were fined for persistently annoying passengers as they were leaving the Great Central Railway terminus at Marylebone.

They made a point of begging return halves of railway tickets from excursionists who probably did not intend to use them.

If they could not get them for nothing they bought them for a few pence, Scott admitting that he secured a return to Nottingham for fourpence—which is 125 miles from London.

It was clear, said the magistrate, that men of this class made a trade of molesting passengers coming to London Sunday after Sunday to get their return tickets, which they sold at a profit. So serious was the nuisance that special constables had to be told off to suppress it.

LAWYERS' FAULTY WILLS.

Pending Disputes Regarding Interlineations
and Revenue Duties.

A further instance of the traditional failure of lawyers to make wills obviating subsequent litigation came before Sir Gorell Barnes yesterday.

He was asked to appoint a receiver and administrator of the estate of the late Mr. H. C. Richards, K.C., M.P., interlineations in the will having necessitated the suit.

Another will which has led to legal difficulties is that of Lord Grimthorpe. There was a dispute yesterday as to a claim of £160,000 on the estate by the inland Revenue authorities.

The question was ordered to stand over for a week.

CARRY
"ANSWERS"
On the beach to-day at
BOURNEMOUTH.
It may mean £5 to you.
See To-day's "ANSWERS."

THE SUMMER GIRL.

Is Flirtation a Useful Prelude to Marriage?

A FRENCH VIEW.

Many of the replies to "An Old Lady" take the line that flirtation, or, at least, friendships, between men and women are valuable as preparation for marriage. We print two letters upholding this view, as well as a selection of others upon different aspects of the question.

HOW FRENCH GIRLS MARRY.

The letter which you publish in to-day's paper from "An Old Lady" is extremely interesting as a protest against the increasing freedom of modern manners, but I cannot help thinking that the protest is unjustified.

"An Old Lady" complains that the flirtations in the society amidst which she moves are often productive of disaster after each of those who have indulged in them have married someone else. But she fails altogether to estimate the value of such friendships as a preparation for marriage.

In France no such preparation is allowed. A well-born French girl is trained at a convent in a kind of self-conscious ignorance of all that concerns the other sex. The day comes for her marriage, which is settled as a purely business matter by the parents of both families.

She marries a man she has only seen once or twice, under the critical eyes of others, a man with whom she has talked demure commonplace—in a word, a stranger.

What is the result? Those disasters of which "An Old Lady" speaks so significantly are the rule, not the exception, in a certain class of French families. And the cause of the disaster is this: Two human beings have been arbitrarily united by law, but their souls have been left out of the reckoning, and after marriage the French girl begins to discover that love is, after all, a matter of the soul.

A FRENCH WOMAN.

A "LONDON SEASON" GIRL REPLIES.

I have read with great interest your letters on the "Summer Girl," and this morning "An Old Lady" begins a fresh side.

Perhaps I am what she would call a "London Season" girl. But why does she consider it wrong just because a man, who is, of course, in the same set as myself, rides, drives, or talks with me? Do you not think she is putting too much on a mere trifle?

We talk to one another, and, as she says, are not ashamed to be seen always in each other's society. Why should we be? If we marry with my parents' full permission (naturally we shouldn't without) surely that is "comme il faut," and if we don't (as is more often the case) what does it matter? We have had a jolly time, and no harm has been done.

A man will make a truer husband and a girl a truer wife if they both have had friendships with the opposite sex before marriage.

Dear "Old Lady" need not worry over what she terms disastrous results, for the girls of to-day know far better how to take care of themselves than the girls of forty years ago.

July 31.

DAPHNE DALMERE.

THE GOLDEN RULE FORGOTTEN.

The "summer girl" and boarding-house habitué, both most undesirable creatures and often the "left" of honourable bachelors, are the cause of ruin to many a wife and children, and it is usually married men they lure from honour and duty.

They forget the old adage, "Do ye to others as ye would they should do unto you." While the flirtation lasts the home for wife and children is one of incessant misery.

—GRAVES.

MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE.

It seems to me that a great many unhappy marriages are caused by people not waiting until they meet their affinities but taking the fool's way of desperation and accepting the first chance that offers with hardly a thought of love, but only comfort and convenience. Surely this must end in regret.

I hope "A Flirt" will soon meet a worthy man, when she will be able to thank Heaven for having saved her from one so dishonourable as she describes, and who deserves nothing but good women's scorn.

ADMIRER OF MANLY MEN.

PARENTAL DISCIPLINE SLACKENED.

Were "Shocked" to look into the faces of most disgracefully behaved girls, he would undoubtedly find the majority of them were foreigners—especially at Brighton.

He evidently does not realise what a fortnight's holiday means to our young English folk. Parental supervision at home is strict and firm, whereas on holidays it is allowed to slacken.

If English girls of this age can be seen on piers between eight o'clock and eleven o'clock, it is surely for innocent fun only, and I doubt if any Englishman can see it in any other light.

C. H. D.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

There are 678 boys and 768 girls now receiving instruction in the Welsh language in the Council Schools at Cardiff.

Scarcity of water has led the British Aluminium Company to close their works at Larnie, near Belfast, and more than a hundred men are idle in consequence.

His Majesty's consent has been signified to the North-East London Railway Bill, by which it is proposed to construct a line from the Monument to Waltham Abbey.

Live feather beds are hardly to be recommended. A woman who was sent to gaol at Ashton-under-Lyne for vagrancy had broken into a hencoop and slept on some chickens, killing thirty-five.

Mr. James Benson, india-rubber manufacturer and dealer, of Tottenham Court-road, yesterday celebrated his golden wedding and also his business jubilee. He has lived in the same locality all the time.

Thousands of visitors watched an impromptu rabbit hunt at Blackpool. A number of the little animals, which were wild, escaped from the baskets in which they were being conveyed to the Hippodrome, and their recapture was quite exciting.

Centuries old, with a wooden stock six feet long and ten inches through, an anchor has been hauled up from the sea bottom off Clacton by a Wivenhoe smack. There is an enormous iron ring at the head big enough for a man to crawl through.

Householders flooded out some time ago at Yarmouth have been summoned for not paying the drainage rates. Although they protested that they derived no benefit, orders were made for payment in every case, but distress was suspended for an appeal. Seven hundred householders are affected.

It is by no means certain, says an Aldershot correspondent, that the headquarters of the Royal Engineers will be removed from Chatham.

Whilst playing in the street at Carlisle a little two-year-old boy named Graham got a pea lodged in his throat. The child was quickly removed to the infirmary, but he choked in a few minutes.

Smart work in the harvest-field has been accomplished at a farm near Biggleswade. Thirteen and a half acres of wheat were cut in excellent style in 3hr. 2min. by an agricultural motor working two 6ft. binders.

Twenty ladies are said to have been perturbed by the vigorous dancing of William Lambert, a retired publican, reputed to be the heaviest man in Reigate, when the local town band played on Saturday, and he was yesterday fined 20s. for disorderly conduct.

An ingenious trap has been set for motorists at Hutton Cranswick, near Driffield, East Yorkshire. A more man is apparently taking photographs of the scenery in the distance, but only when a motorist figures in the landscape does he prove to be a policeman.

WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN ARE STAYING.



Goodwood House, where the King and Queen are the guests of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, of whom a portrait is also reproduced, for the Goodwood race meeting.

Exciting scenes were witnessed at a fire in Castle-road, Cardiff, a family escaping in their night attire. The father, with his youngest daughter in his arms, reached the street by means of the barber's pole hanging above the doorway.

Noticing the large number of aged paupers whose names appeared on the books as recipients of relief, the chairman of the Holywell Guardians was led to observe: "If you want to live long be a pauper. They return to the simple life."

With feet and hands severed, the body of a Great Central Railway goods-train guard, named Midgley, was picked up near Grimsby Docks station yesterday. It is supposed that he jumped from the London special the previous night.

At their new harbour at Heysham the Midland Railway Company have erected a wireless telegraphy land station, whilst the Isle of Man boat Maxman has been fitted for receiving and sending messages. So far the new service has worked without a hitch.

Opposite the gates of Bath's largest cemetery, on the wall of a house, are three curiously-placed advertisements. The uppermost is eulogistic of a particular intoxicant, next comes the address of an undertaker, and immediately below a monumental mason duly sets forth his claims to patronage.

Applicants for the office of boys' attendant and caretaker under the Doncaster Guardians included a woman with three children receiving out-relief. She was given the post.

Inmates of one of the almshouses at King's Lynn are fined a penny each time they are absent from daily prayers. The Municipal Charity Trustees have decided to ask the governor not to impose the penalty in cases of absence on Sundays.

For going to sleep in Brindley Colliery whilst in possession of a lighted lamp, a miner named Thomas Davies was fined £2 at Bridgend, the chairman of the Bench remarking that the penalty allowed by law in such cases was not heavy enough.

Six thousand gallons of beer have had to be destroyed at Surfleet, near Spalding, Lincolnshire, by a firm of brewers. Salt-water from the River Welland had found its way into the water used in the manufacture of the ale, and the firm now has its supply sent by rail twice a week from Sleaford.

Dogs should never be brought into a churchyard, says the vicar of Burgess Hill (Sussex) in an appeal to his parishioners to preserve the cemetery from unworthy uses. It is neither a playground for children nor a promenade, and still less, he adds, should it be considered a convenient place to take dogs for a run.

WASHINGTON PEACE MEETING.

Speculators' Opportunity in the Outcome of Negotiations.

HOME RAILS REVIVE.

CAPEL COURT, Monday Evening.—It is a nineteen-day account, a long, dreary period for speculators. There is the fateful peace meeting at Washington, as all the world knows, and there was the usual holiday Monday slackness. So the markets, after their little speculative outburst, were inclined to think a bit. It did not mean very much, but there was hesitation. Whereas the opening was good, there was a little more uncertainty later, followed by a firm close.

Presently, possibly, we shall be discussing uncertainties as to the outcome of the Washington negotiations as an excuse for speculators realising.

To-morrow is the Consol carry-over. There should be very light rates, but, after all, these are expected. So Consols showed a small advance for the day at 90½.

This time last year traffics included the August Bank Holiday. This year, too, the schools seem to be breaking up very late on the South coast. Consequently, the market took the Brighton traffic decrease of £19,944 as something that might very well have been worse. Brighton "A" was even put better. In fact, taking the Home Railway market as a whole the feeling was better than for some time past.

At any rate, Lancashire and Yorkshire stock is better, and North-Westerns are a firm market, both in spite of the fear of the cotton strike. Evidently, therefore, there is not much amiss. Scottish stocks were better, and here the new naval base helped North British. There was quite good buying of Metropolitan.

WAR STOCKS DULL.

Talk of the good crops in the Dominion and the increased acreage under cultivation rather helped Canadian Rails, or at least, Canadian Pacific. They have turned the corner of 190, and have reached 160½. Argentine Rails were, perhaps, a little irregular, and, indeed, there did not seem to be so much steam in the Foreign Railway group. Prices were fairly well maintained, but a good lot of profit-taking met the buying, and some people seemed to think that it is almost time to call a halt in the speculation of some of these sections.

Japanese bonds are more in a waiting mood. Prices keep up, but there is not so much business. The same applies to Russians. The strength of Foreigners as a whole must be attributed to the confidence felt abroad about the peace outlook. There is a little nonsensical gambling in the Central American group, Guatemala being singled out as the next State likely to come to terms with its creditors. But Guatemala has done so before, and then rescinded its contract without explanation. And, after all, even when there are actual debt settlements with these Central American States, they usually do not last very long. And perhaps if their interest-bearing securities were bought on merits and the credit of the country they would never be bought unless they yield 10 per cent. Peruvians were bought to-day.

SPECULATION IN "PEKINS."

There are points among the Miscellaneous securities. One energetic American wirepuller has been interviewed by a financial journal. He blew hot on Anconados and Hudson's Bays, and that was quite good enough for the average Stock Exchange gambler. The markets continue to take the view of the Docks amalgamation scheme that the London and India has rather the best of the bargain. Wild speculators, those who will buy anything on any provocation, bought Pekin Syndicates at 17½. Anglo-American Telegraphs were bid for.

There was no gainsaying the fact that Kafirs were a better market. At least prices were better all round. But nobody by any stress of imagination could have said that there was any public business doing. The market is not hopeful of activity, and the only result of a rally is to bring in sellers. But there was German buying of Kafirs to-day. In West Africans they tried to do a little more donkey-wrecking as a result of the strike on the Prestea Block A. The other day we said that the speculative buying of the low-priced rubbish Westralians marked the beginning of the end. To-day Boulder Deeps dropped in the Westralian market, and then in came a rush of profit-takers in other Westralians to get what they could.

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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1905.

THE MOTE AND THE BEAM.

THERE was a stir made the other day because Lord Charles Beresford went to see a Spanish bull-fight and made a present to the toreador.

A question was asked by a fussy M.P. Letters were written to the papers. "It is shocking," moaned the writers, "to find a British admiral to lend countenance to the brutal sports of degraded Spain."

That is the kind of tone English people nearly always take up when bull-fighting is in question.

They do not call it cruel to make a fox run for his life before a pack of hounds and to watch him torn to pieces when his strength gives out and he can run no more.

They do not think it is brutal to leave wounded birds lying about after a "shoot" to die in agony by slow degrees.

They do not call it degrading to turn a hare out to be run down by a couple of swift greyhounds and to listen to its piteous screams when it feels their teeth bite into its flesh.

It does not revolt them to know that numbers of people are engaged in the "sport" of "worrying" otters, beautiful and intelligent creatures, with dogs.

The fact is any of the sports which consist in hunting out and killing animals is just as cruel as bull-fighting. There is nothing whatever to choose between them—except that bull-fighting is practised in Spain, while the others are time-honoured British institutions.

Stay, though, there is a difference. In bull-fighting the men who pit themselves against the animal are brave men. They risk their lives. They take their chance of being gored or trampled on.

English sportsmen take good care not to run any risks. Birds cannot retaliate. Foxes have no dangerous horns; otters no powerful hoofs. Hares cannot charge their tormentors down in a frenzy of rage.

Bull-fighting is cruel, and it must have a brutalising effect upon people who constantly go to see it. But it is a "sporting" sport. The odds are not all on one side. It is not mere slaughter.

No one, therefore, who shoots or hunts or courses has any right to call the Spaniards cruel. Nor, indeed, can that reproach be fairly levelled at them by any Briton, even if he does not do these things.

The cruelty practised on horses in our great cities every day of the year and every hour of the day is far greater in sum than the sufferings of all the bulls that have ever been killed in the ring. And for this we are all responsible.

Horses are not fitted to drag heavy loads over hard pavements. Neither their feet nor their shoulders are suited to such work.

It is pitiful to anyone who notices animals' suffering, to see the London horses dragging their enormous burdens, having their poor mouths pulled about, struggling to get a firm foothold, and often being beaten till they quiver for some mishap which is entirely the stupid driver's fault.

In time the motor, adapted to all forms of traffic, will put an end to the horse's long-drawn-out agony in our streets. Till that day comes, and until we cease to make killing a "sport," it is mere hypocrisy for us to denounce the "cruelty" of Spaniards or of anyone else.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

There is a Sunday conscience as well as a Sunday coat; and those who make religion a secondary concern put the coat and conscience carefully by to put on only once a week.—*Dickens*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-DAY will see the opening of what promises to be one of the most brilliant Goodwood meetings on record. The King and Queen and a very large and distinguished party will come from Goodwood House as the guests of the Duke of Richmond, and from all the district round about distinguished people are expected for the opening of the Sussex fortnight. It only wants fine weather to make the meeting a great success.

The Dinard season has just opened very brightly, and crowds of English people are there, amongst them Lady Norreys and her daughter, Miss Alexa Berrie. They are staying with Mrs. Hughes Hallett, who is so famous for her many entertainments at Dinard. Lady Norreys has stayed a great deal at Dinard lately, and is fond of the place. She finds the air most beneficial, for it must be remembered that she has been in very poor health for some time past.

The Marquis de Villavieja has come to London for a few days from Ostend, where he has been playing polo with very great success. He is an admirable player, and a good, all-round sportsman. He was last in town during the visit of the King of Spain, for he is a Spanish grandee, and a rich

fishermen; they simply worshipped him—until the South African war. Then conviction came before affection, and because their member disapproved of the war which they believed to be just, the Cornishmen dethroned him.

To show how emotional people still are in this Celtic corner of England I may recall the story which Mr. Courtney has told of a reading he once gave to some fishermen at Fowey. The poem chosen was Browning's "Hervé Riel," and when the reader came to the passage which describes how the French pilot saved his ship, the whole audience rose to its feet and wildly cheered—the memory of a Frenchman whose bravery they were no less willing to recognise because it was a foreigner's.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's eloquent appeal in yesterday's "Times" on behalf of the new annual vacation school in Tavistock-place, which Lord Londonderry, in his official capacity as President of the Board of Education, is to visit to-morrow, ought to be rewarded by the help of all who want to make the lives of London children a little more endurable. Mrs. Ward has always been an active philanthropist. Her life is really divided into two

discussion as to which of two old Balliol men, one of whom had become a Bishop and the other a Judge, was the more distinguished man. Somebody asserted that the Bishop could claim superiority, since he had the power of saying "You be damned!" while a Judge could only say "You be hanged!" "Yes," interrupted Jowett, with his little titter, "but when a Judge says 'You be hanged!' you are hanged, you know."

There was a good deal of amused comment in the political clubs yesterday upon the desperate efforts the "Daily Telegraph" is making to set up as the official organ of the Conservative Party. Its "throw-down" of the autumn dissolution rumour is not taken seriously. Those who are best informed say it is still highly probable that Mr. Balfour will go to the country before long, but at present he does not know himself exactly when it will be. The Prime Minister, however, is not likely to take any newspaper into his confidence. If by any chance he did want to give out information, he would give it to the "Times."

The generous offer, which has just been made to the London County Council by Mr. Bischoffsheim, to provide an electric motor ambulance for the use of London, reminds one of the event which first awakened his interest in a service of this sort. Some twenty years ago he witnessed a terrible accident in the City. A painter fell from a scaffolding on to the pavement below. Mr. Bischoffsheim saw how primitive were the arrangements made for such cases, how the man was merely bundled into a cab by a policeman; and he remarked to his friend, Sir Henry Burdett, who was passing at the moment, how necessary some properly organised ambulance service was for a great city.

Lord Monkswell has certainly spoken a few plain words to the Prime Minister, whom he has accused of condescending to "mean dodges" in order to retain office. Lord Monkswell is one of the most ardent of our members of Parliament, and is particularly keen about municipal questions. He has several important subjects at heart. One of them is cremation, and he once introduced a Bill unfortunately called the Burial Authorities (Cremation) Bill. Lord Salisbury threw ridicule upon the name, if not upon the substance, of this measure by getting up in the House and asking innocently which burial authorities Lord Monkswell proposed to cremate.

Lord Monkswell's title was only a year old when he succeeded to it. His father was the well-known lawyer, Sir Robert Porrett Collier, who died in 1885. Lord Monkswell was educated at Eton, and is rather inclined to think that he derived more amusement than instruction from his life there. He has a host of stories to tell about the schoolmasters of his day. One of these, called "Billie Johnson" by the boys, had a habit of hurling books at the heads of all idle members of his form. One day he threw an unusually large volume, which upset the ink all over one of the boy's desks. The boy picked it up ruefully, and returned it with a shocked expression. "Oh, sir!" he said, "it's the Bible!"

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Dr. Warre, Late Headmaster of Eton College.

IT is strange that two of the most famous English schoolmasters—Dr. Walker, of St. Paul's School, and Dr. Warre—should have retired within a few days of one another. Dr. Warre's last valediction to the school which he had ruled for more than twenty years was a thing which Eton will remember as one of the most moving scenes in her history.

Boys are not fond of making a fuss, and even the most touching speeches are listened to by them in public with apparently unmoved faces. But the departure of Dr. Warre put a pretty severe tax upon their power of concealing emotion.

He had a hundred qualities which made for popularity amongst boys. Had he not rowed in the Varsity Boat-race for three years?

His reputation as a sportsman won half his battles for him. Most of his pupils went first into his presence with sympathies half gained by him already, and with the desire to avoid any physical manifestation of displeasure from one who was known to have an oarsman's muscle.

It is said that an assistant master who knew him when he first went to Eton thought that he would become Lord Chancellor. He has preferred to mould the destinies of his country through his youth, and it would be impossible to deny that his choice gave him in the end a greater and more lasting influence over the lives of men.

IN MY GARDEN.

JULY 31.—As July passes into August, insects invade the garden in great numbers. Gnats and the little black flies pester one with unwelcome attentions. Wasps and bees are abroad, telling of the hastening year. Owls haunt the still, hot nights. The finest garden in the world is a pyramid of (chinnery bell-flowers). Although often seen in the greenhouse, it does grandly in any good light soil. Raising six feet high and covered with lovely blue flowers, to-day it is a wonderful sight.

E. F. T.

THE RAND MILLIONAIRE AND THE CHINAMAN.



A Chinese official, named Tee Tai Shan, has been to England from South Africa on purpose to call attention to the cruel treatment of the Chinese miners on the Rand. He has now left for China to arouse public opinion there.

man, too. By some extraordinary error one of the New York papers announced his death last year, which caused unnecessary dismay in Paris and Madrid, for he is a most popular man with all classes.

It is not at all surprising to hear that the well-known novelist, Mr. Quiller Couch—better known to the public as "Q."—may consent to stand for Parliament at the next election as the representative of the Liskeard Division of Cornwall, because it would be impossible to find a more patriotic Cornishman than he. For years he has lived in "Troy Town," as he calls the picturesque port of Fowey, and the country people round the place, who probably know little of his writing, are full of his municipal exploits—the flagstaff he gave the parish church, and the yacht club founded under his auspices. His son, a boy of thirteen, is an expert in shipping, and can tell at a glance the nationality of almost any boat, that enters the Cornish harbour.

"Q." left London a good many years ago now, partly because his health had suffered from the stuffy atmosphere of the City, partly because his mind craved for the open spaces of Nature. Now he can write every morning in full view of the sea. "Q." has a firm belief in the Cornish elector whom he observed in the case of Mr. Leonard Courtney. Mr. Courtney inspired a complete devotion in Cor-

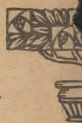
sections—in one she is the recluse and the writer, in the other (the woman of action).

Mrs. Ward began life as a very serious student, and an interesting picture of her in her earliest "period," if the phrase be not too pedantic, is to be found in the last volume of Taine's letters. The great critic was introduced to Miss Mary Arnold (that was Mrs. Ward's maiden name) at Oxford, and he was told that she was "a very clever girl." This he discovered to be the truth when he came to have a discussion with her over one of those immense meals which Oxford hosts usually provide for their guests. Miss Arnold knew French, German, Italian, Latin; was studying medieval French texts; writing a learned article for a review; and she spoke of it all with a charming self-depreciation which must have convinced our foreign observer that France had not, after all, a monopoly of manners.

Neither of the two distinguished foreigners whose impressions of Oxford have just been published—I mean Taine and Mme. Alphonse Daudet (the wife of the famous novelist)—allow us to see what they thought of the prodigious Oxford meals. The only place in the world where one is supposed to be brilliant at breakfast is Oxford, and few have ever succeeded in being so even there. Jowett occasionally said funny things, and it was, I think, at breakfast that he contributed so wittily to the



MIRROR CAMERAGRAPHS



AFTER THE FRENCH SUBMARINE TRAGEDY.



Bringing the bodies of the victims of the disaster to the French submarine Farfadet ashore at Bizerta. There were thirteen men in the submarine when it sank, and every effort was made to save them, but the vessel could not be raised in time. Among the many floral tributes at the funeral was a magnificent wreath from King Edward.

"FARFADET" SURVIVORS.



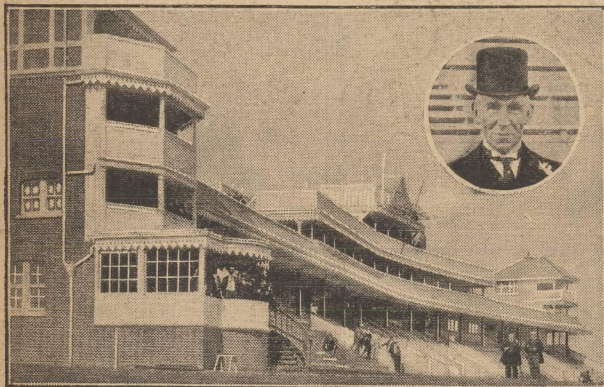
Le Jan and Trodec, the two seamen who survived the disaster to the French submarine Farfadet. When it sank they were thrown out of the conning-tower into the water.

AMERICAN PRESIDENT'S



Miss Alice Roosevelt, daughter of the President, on holiday in Japan, accompanied by Mr. W. and is delighted by the cordiality of her nature she witnessed a swimming match, and appears in the picture.

NEWBURY'S NEW RACECOURSE.



Grand stand and royal box at the new racecourse at Newbury, which is now nearly completed. The opening meeting is to be held on September 26. Inset is a portrait of Mr. John Porter, the veteran trainer, who is giving up his profession to be managing director of the company owning the course.

ROYAL GODFATHER.



King Carlos of Portugal, who is to become godfather to the infant son of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The christening will probably take place at Sandringham next Thursday.—(Langhien.)

EMPRESS AND MUSIC-HALL ARTIST.



Jacques I., Emperor of the Sahara, better known as M. Jacques Lebaudy, left his Empress at Trieste, and she is now going on the variety stage. The police of Vienna would not allow her to appear under the title of Empress, so she left for Berlin, where the photograph was taken on her arrival.

EXPLOSION AT COLCHESTER.



After the gas explosion at the Salisbury Hotel, Colchester. The front wall of the first floor was blown out into the street, but though the hotel was fairly full at the time no one was killed or injured.

GENERAL BOOTH'S



The venerable General of the Salvation Army, the Holy Land, Australia, and New Zealand, he has travelled 30,000 miles.

NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS



DAUGHTER IN JAPAN.



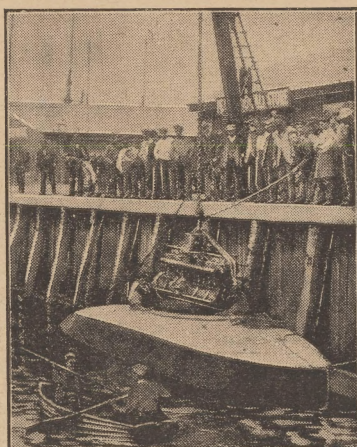
ment of the United States, is spending a Taft, the American War Secretary, tion everywhere. Before her departure was won by the sturdy Japanese who picture.

TURN TO ENGLAND.



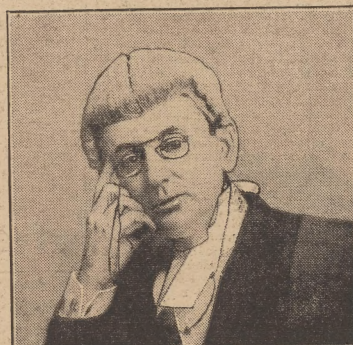
landing at Dover after his tour in Since his departure, six months ago, conducted 140 meetings.

400-H.P. MOTOR-BOAT.



Lowering the 400-h.p. motor into Brooke I., the most powerful 40ft. motor-boat in the world. She is the property of Captain B. D. Corlet and Mr. Mawdsley Brooke, and is racing to-day in the Solent in the eliminating trials for the International Cup.

JUDGE-DRAMATIST.



Judge Parry, of the Manchester County Court, who is part-author of the farce, "What the Butler Saw," to be produced at Wyndham's Theatre to-morrow. — (Elliott and Fry.)

NOVELIST'S ADVENTURE.



After a stormy meeting of the Zionist Congress at Basle, the platform was stormed, and Mr. Israel Zangwill, the well-known English novelist, whose portrait is reproduced, was carried out of the hall by the mob. — (Langdon)

PRINCE OF WALES SNAPSHOTTED YESTERDAY.



Snapshot of the Prince of Wales taken as he was leaving the Imperial Institute after opening the congress of the International Statistical Institute yesterday. With his Royal Highness is Major Patrick Craigie, President of the Royal Statistical Society.

OPENING OF THE NEW BATHS AT ST. ALBANS.



Mrs. Slade, mayoress of St. Albans, opening the new public swimming baths. The opening ceremony was followed by a water-polo match between two local teams.

HOW TO MAKE ONESELF TALLER.

Process of Stretching Which Results in
Adding Inches to the Height.

PEER'S SON'S EXPERIENCE.

The announcement that certain American scientists are prepared to increase the height of short people has been received with a considerable amount of scepticism. The scriptural adage about the impossibility of adding a cubit to the stature has been freely cited.

Evidently few people are aware that for several years past a large number of men and women, especially officers in his Majesty's Army, have had their height increased artificially.

The late Professor Atkinson, the famous bone-setter, for many years past treated an average of 100 patients annually for shortness. The majority of his subjects were cadets at Woolwich and Sandhurst, who entered when below the regulation height and pursued their studies in the hope that they would grow.

Nature proving unkind, they used to repair to Professor Atkinson, who generally succeeded in increasing their height four or five inches in as many months.

THE LENGTHENING OPERATION.

His process was steadily and systematically to manipulate the bones of the neck and spine and the joints of the knees, ankles, and hips. The effects of this manipulation was to increase the thickness of the layer of cartilage that exists between each joint, and in this manner the height was gradually built up.

For at least ten years before his death in 1901 Professor Atkinson "lengthened" thirty cadets annually. About ten officers, many of them men of forty and fifty, had their height increased by several inches to make themselves look more dignified on parade. This lengthening process was accompanied by dumb-bell exercise and physical culture to preserve an all-round development.

A DISTINGUISHED VICTIM.

Amongst the well-known people who have been "stretched" in this manner may be mentioned Lord Arden, the son of the Earl of Meath. His height was increased 4in. through this treatment.

When the craze for tall brides set in the professor was very busy in adding to the inches of society ladies. Numerous well-known leaders of society, actresses, and vocalists wore their willowy forms largely to his efforts, and one of the most famous opera singers of to-day would look quite dumpy had she not had 5in. added to her height.

After all, there is nothing new under the sun. Three centuries ago St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, who in his youth was an officer in the Spanish army, received a wound in his leg which had the effect of shortening the limb by several inches.

Incredible as it may seem, the saint, by submitting the limb to be daily racked, succeeded in restoring it to its former length, and thus crudely anticipated the marvels of modern manipulative surgery.

WOMAN'S PROPER PLACE.

A Worker Who Would Rather Not Work
Supports the "Daily Mirror's" Contention.

On the subject dealt with in our leading article on Saturday we have received the following interesting letter from a correspondent, who signs it "Esperance" (Hope), though her views of life are anything but hopeful:—

I believe you are quite right in saying there are not many women who would not willingly give up their work (at least, among those who are engaged in a commercial or business capacity) and lead a quiet home life if they had the chance.

If a woman could take a good holiday—a month or two in the heart of the country, fresh air, early hours, no worries—directly she began to feel fagged, perhaps the great harm of which the learned doctor complains might be averted. But women are paid such wretched salaries that even were the opportunity of a holiday given they would have nothing to pay for it with.

They also know there are so many thousands waiting to take their place that they will have small chance of finding fresh work on their return. So they plod on until they are absolutely worn out, and finally have to give up work altogether, often retiring either to the workhouse or to the asylum.

That is what does more harm than the actual work, the strain and worry. I have worked now for about twelve years, but have never yet known—at least during that time—what it is to be able to spend a penny without thinking twice about it.

Womanly women do not turn out and join the struggle for life because they like it, for to very many it is most repulsive; but when they find themselves stranded in a most tiresome world, what are they to do? It's not much use for the doctor to growl unless he suggests a remedy.

Really, all the trouble comes from the world having more people than it knows what to do with; so why do they make such an absurd fuss about the declining birth-rate?

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

A "PERFECT" FIGURE.

The "Gibson Girl" is being held up to us as the perfect figure of a woman.

I even saw in a china shop in St. Paul's Church-yard some small statues of this "Gibson Girl" being sold as ornaments.

I have been waiting for some artist or doctor to rise up and speak against this "perfect figure"; to denounce it as unnatural, therefore unbecoming. I fear, if someone does not take this matter up, that it will lead to further tight-lacing on the part of our girls. It is far too prevalent now without any encouragement.

When will it be more widely known that, in proportion, a woman's waist should be larger than a man's?
BESSIE HEVES.
London, E.

CLERGYMEN AND THE BIBLE.

Are we to understand that infallibility in teaching the Christian religion exists nowhere?

The Church formerly claimed to be infallible in doctrine; this is now denied.

The Bible was next credited with infallibility as the written Word. This is also called in question.

The Roman Church maintains that her teaching voice is Divine, and consequently unerring. The whole Protestant world rejects this teaching.

What, then, are we to accept?

The "settlement" of the sixteenth century has had the effect of unsettling man besides.

AGNOSTIC.

BOARD SCHOOLS AND BAD MANNERS.

I am glad to see a magistrate give a lesson in manners to a boy who did not take off his hat in court.

I find the boys I employ, who come from Board Schools, utterly ignorant of manners. They are savages so far as the decencies of life go.

What kind of people are Board School teachers? Can they be so ignorant as to instil some knowledge of suitable behaviour into their pupils? They do not seem to teach them anything, so far as my experience goes.
H. E. M.
Southampton-row, W.C.

PROVISION FOR OLD AGE.

Could anyone give me the names of one or two assurance companies that give quotations on the following plan?

I am thirty-one years of age, and I wish to obtain a pension at the age of fifty without the option of an equivalent cash payment. In case of death during term I would expect the return of the premiums only.

The pension I would desire would range between 10s. and 20s. a week.
E. A. J.
Bangor.

WHY DO MEN SHAVE.

This question has always puzzled me. What reason have men for wanting to look effeminate? The grumble about shaving, yet they almost all do it.

It is because very few men nowadays can grow a decent moustache, let alone a beard, that looks healthy?

Bald heads are decidedly on the increase. Is hair disappearing from men's faces also?

AN INQUISITIVE WOMAN.

PLAQUE OF FLIES.

In reply to your article about flies in London, I think if people would leave plenty of sweet peas in their rooms they would find the flies diminish or depart.

Also, the oil of eucalyptus is a good thing sprinkled on floors, seats of chairs, and window-sills.

AGNES EDWARDS.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

PHIL CONWAY, by Archibald Leitch Gunter. The thrilling history of a young American stockbroker. His life is attempted by his prospective mother-in-law, who is even more relentless than women in that position are universally supposed to be. It is a pity that Mr. Gunter has adopted the inartistic device of telling his story in the present tense. Ward, Lock, 6s.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FOUR YEARS' FARMING. By the author of "Recollections of Forty Years' Service." This is an amusing book. The author, finding himself upon the retired list, and not relishing the prospect of "swapping yarns with other antiquaries at clubs," elegantly phrases it, or of playing golf, which is "productive of bronchitis and bad language," turned his energies to amateur farming, in which he seems to have been eminently successful. Vinton, 1s.

COUNTRY HOUSES: HOW TO BUILD, BUY, AND FIT THEM UP, by "Home Counties." A perfectly fascinating book—to the city-dweller, at any rate. Even if he cannot take advantage of its practical and sensible advice as to the cost and convenience of cottages of every kind, it will amuse him on the details of building and living in them. Anyone who wants a cottage should certainly read these most informing and practical pages. Heinemann, 6s. net.

ONE FALSE STEP.

By HENRY FARMER.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

FRANK CHESTER.—A young man who comes to London after a University career. He is to be given a start in commercial life by the great Vincent Devenish—the chance of a lifetime. His one false step is the removal from Devenish's table of some banknotes, which he fingers out of curiosity, and has no time to replace before Eve Daintree enters the room.

TOM MAYFIELD.—An old schoolfellow of Frank Chester's, heavily in debt. He has been entrusted with the notes by Chester, and promises to return them for him. But he mysteriously disappears, and is unknown to last, suffering from complete loss of memory, by some workmen. He has now been heard of in Liverpool.

QUEENIE MAYFIELD.—Tom's sister. An orphan. She has started in business as a florist and table decorator, in which she is succeeding. In love with Chester, and beloved by Mordaunt, who entraps her in a house when she supposes a party is to take place. In the course of a scene with him she falls and cuts herself.

DEXTER.—The obsequious, oily cashier in the office of Vincent Devenish. His Chester in his power, owing to the fact that he has replaced the money which through the former's fault is missing from Devenish's room.

EVE DAINTREE.—The young widow daughter of Vincent Devenish, and heir to his wealth. Considered as a possible wife for Chester.

HESPER MORDAUNT.—Stockbroker, by whom Tom Mayfield is employed. Close friends with Dexter. Has offered to lend Queenie money.

VINCENT DEVENISH.—Of the Blue Star Line. A commercial and financial magnate.

CHAPTER XXIX. (Continued.)

Not only had Mordaunt's manners improved, but the effect of Queenie's influence was visible in his very clothes. He was no longer a crying outrage against good taste. Loud waistcoats and trousers with abnormal patterns were things of the past. Needless to say, Queenie had not discussed these articles of attire in detail; but she had found occasion to express herself on the subject generally, and, in consequence, Hesper Mordaunt had visited his tailor and given him a wholesale order.

A man's character and habits, after years of crystallisation, are not changed at a moment's notice. Mordaunt in business was still utterly unscrupulous when anything was to be gained thereby. Business and Queenie were things apart. But, where she was concerned, he was developing into another man. She was beginning to dominate him with her personality. There were times when he sulked and chafed and resented the terms of friendship which she insisted must be maintained between them when he wanted to make violent love to her, yet he was held in check by the knowledge that by doing so he would lose what ground he had gained in the girl's good opinion. There was no mistaking her own attitude towards him, and more than once she had explained quite frankly that he was improving greatly, and that she was deeply grateful to him for having lent her the money; but that the moment he attempted to make love to her it would at once discount the generosity of his action, and make it appear that he had only helped her in order to buy the right to make love to her.

Queenie was finding pleasure in watching the gradual re-assertion of what was better in the man. Your true woman is forgiving when faced by genuine repentance; and it is also a joy to her to redeem a rake. Moreover, Queenie was possessed with a tremendous sense of justice. He had befriended her in the right spirit, and to have withheld her friendship would have been positively shabby. But when she contemplated the possibility of marriage with Hesper Mordaunt, she still shuddered, body and soul.

"Hope you enjoyed yourself last night as much as I did," said Mordaunt, eyeing his reflection in one of the shop mirrors. "I say, what about this tie? Quiet enough to please you, Miss Mayfield?" Queenie eyed the tie with her head on one side. "Yes. It's quite nice and refined, Mr. Mordaunt. And I enjoyed myself thoroughly last night."

Mordaunt beamed with double satisfaction. "I say, what about Earl's Court to-night? You and Miss Peyton?"

It was "Miss Peyton" now. Miss "Touch-Me-Not," like "Kiddie," was a thing of the past. The invitation was accepted.

"He scarcely seems the same being," said Pollie Peyton, after Mordaunt's departure.

"No," replied Queenie, setting her lips tightly and crushing back a sigh.

But, a moment later, as the crash of breaking glass rang out sharply, she rushed, with Pollie Peyton, to the door. Men and women and a couple of policemen were hurrying past.

After quitting the shop Hesper Mordaunt had encountered a one-time boon companion, who had made an unmistakable coarse allusion to his partiality for the "little flower-girl."

And Hesper Mordaunt had knocked the fellow bodily through a plate-glass window.

CHAPTER XXX.

The business that took Chester to Liverpool was of considerable importance, keeping him busily employed for a couple of days. He was anxious to have done with it at the earliest possible moment, so that he might return to London, and Ever; but he had found concentration on mere matters of business exceedingly difficult. His thoughts had a way of taking ecstatic flight into the future. Only days stood between him and marriage. A few more days, Eve

(Continued on page 11.)

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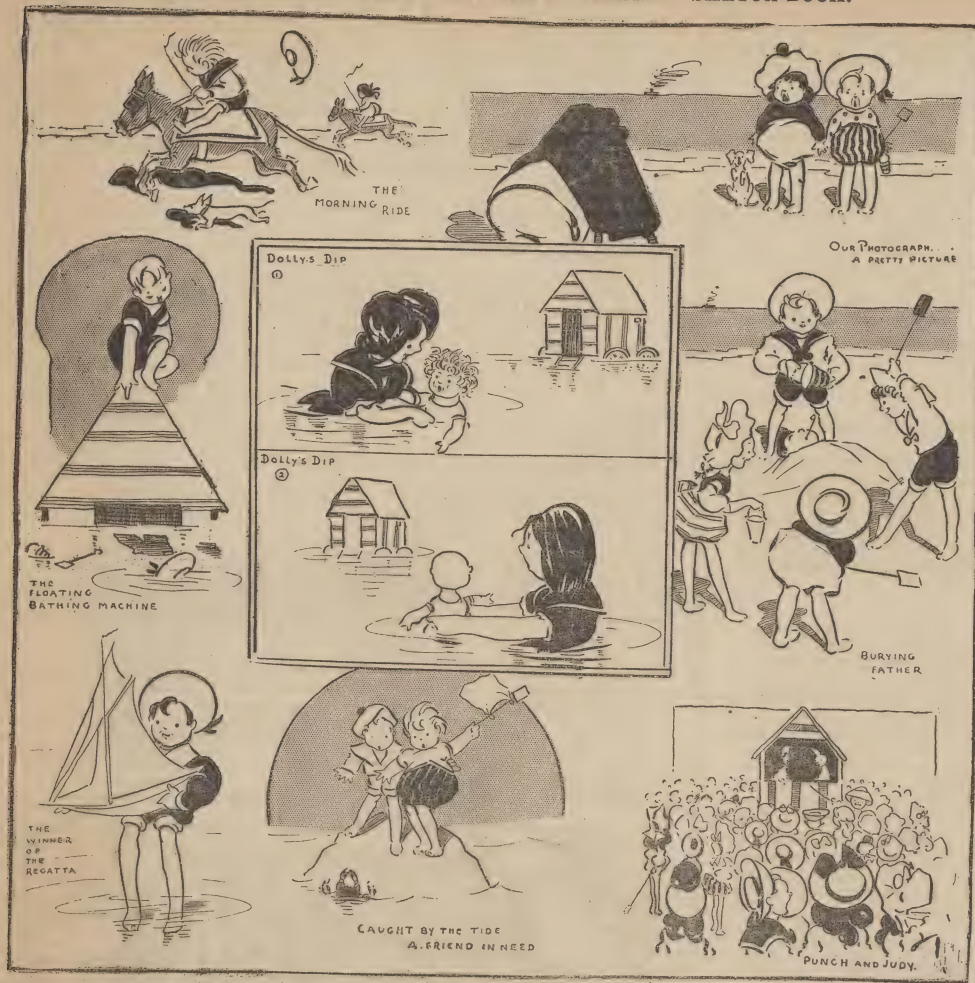
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LEAVES FROM HILDA COWHAM'S SEASIDE SKETCH-BOOK.



Among the children who throng the sands at every seaside holiday resort just now Hilda Cowham finds plenty of opportunity for the exercise of her facile pencil. Some of the humours she has recorded are reproduced above.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 10.)

would be all his, and for always. It was the future now, not the past, that distracted his thoughts.

It was dark when, carrying his small portmanteau, he quitted his hotel, intending to foot it to the station. The traffic of a crowded street brought him to a standstill on the pavement edge. Others besides himself were held up, awaiting for the gap to occur; but he was too much wrapped in the future to take stock of those about him. He would reach London too late to call at Devenish House. He could not see Eve before the morning.

The wall of wheeled-traffic opened at last, and there was a rush for the opening.

A man hurried up level with Chester, and cast a quick, side-long, furtive glance at him, then started and went white as if Chester's features had awakened some vague, frightening memory.

It was Tom Mayfield!

He quickened as if to escape from Chester's sight before being noticed. His movements were those of one who was only restrained from taking to his heels and running by the fear of calling attention to himself.

He was in front of Chester, and in the glow of an electric lamp on the opposite pavement before the latter so much as noticed him. He cast a quick, furtive glance over his shoulder, like a man watching to see if he were being followed.

It was then that the light of the lamp played on his white face, and Chester saw and recognised Tom Mayfield.

"Good God! Mayfield!"

He sprang forward, but Mayfield broke into a half-run. Chester set his teeth. Tom Mayfield had returned to see if he were being followed.

But the pavement was crowded, and Mayfield had the start. Once again he glanced back, a vague, hunted look in his eyes, conscious of pursuit, conscious that the pursuer's face was vaguely familiar to him and associated with the mystery of his lost past, but unable to identify it.

Chester was gaining now. Those he passed took but little notice of him. He might have been a man in a hurry. Neither man was putting on top speed.

Mayfield hesitated for a moment as he reached a great junction of streets, rendered bewildering by electric tramcars converging from every direction.

What had he done in that unknown past, that past before he became James Dunville, that he should be pursued? This was the horror that had driven him to flight, the same old horror that had haunted him under the sheltering roof of those rough humanitarians, Joe Bates and his wife.

Chester was almost on him, and was reaching out to clutch him by the shoulder, when Mayfield plunged wildly into the bewildering traffic.

It was only the skin of a banana cast away by a child, but it did the hellish mischief.

A hoarse gasp from men and women; a wild cry from Chester; a horse pawed the air, the driver jerking fiercely at the reins; but too late.

Tom Mayfield was down, and wheels passed over him.

Then shouts and cries, and a rush of men and helmeted police. And the usual crowd, and staring eyes, and multitudinous directions, till the police obtained control. Then method and quiet discipline replaced confusion.

"Here, stand back!"

"No!" cried Chester fiercely. "I know him—he's a friend!"

He went down on his knees beside the still figure on the ground.

"Tom, old chap! Tom, old friend!"

But a constable jerked him up roughly, but with no unkind intention, and swung him out of the way.

After that the silent-wheeled ambulance, and the procession to the hospital.

Chester sank down on a bench in the receiving-room, and covered his face with his hands.

He looked up when someone touched his shoulder—one of the house surgeons.

"It's a bad accident," said the surgeon quietly.

"Are you a relative?"

"No—a friend."

"His relatives ought to be wired for. We shall do our best to pull the poor fellow through, but you ought to wire."

Chester moaned.

"But there is hope?" he choked out at last.

"Yes, there always is—while there's life."

Chester staggered to his feet. The appalling suddenness of this tragic climax to Mayfield's career had completely unnerved him. And now it was for him to send a telegram to Mayfield's sister.

From the post-office he returned to the hospital. The telegram that he had dispatched to Eve was almost an afterthought.

Strange, remorseful thoughts raced through his brain when he found himself back in the hospital. He accused himself of having practically driven Queenie receiving his telegram. It was possible that she might arrive too late to see her brother alive. If she happened to be out at the time of the telegram's arrival, it would be impossible for her to reach Liverpool that night.

He was pacing to and fro when the house surgeon joined him.

"Can I see him?" asked Chester hoarsely.

"He's still unconscious."

"Yes, but can I see him?"

The surgeon took him to the ward. They had placed a screen round the bed it is a sure sign that a grim visitor is expected.

Chester passed behind the screen and looked for a few moments on the face of his old school-fellow; then sank on his knees.

"Come round to my room and take it easy for a bit," said the surgeon quietly, when they quitted the ward. "If he recovers consciousness they will send for you. You've wired?"

"To his sister—his only relative," answered Chester brokenly.

"It's a question of pulling through the night," said the surgeon, ramming tobacco into a pipe;

(Continued on page 13.)

A SKIN LIKE LILIES AND ROSES

Phrases such as the above are often used, but how seldom does one actually see a skin that is perfectly clear, pure, healthy, and therefore beautiful? As one sits in a train, omnibus, tramcar, or other conveyance, and notices the complexion of one's fellow-passengers of both sexes, the fact is forced upon the attention that few people have really a perfect skin. Why is this, and how can the matter be rectified? The answer is twofold. It is first of all necessary to render the skin healthy and remove from it all blemishes, and then, having done this, its health must be carefully maintained. The penalty for neglect is bad and unhealthy skin, with spots, rashes, or pimples upon it, or even graver troubles, and obviously slightness, not to mention beauty of appearance, is incompatible with such signs of skin illness.

HAVE A HEALTHY SKIN

There is no expense and very little trouble involved in having a healthy skin, instead of one disfigured by spots or blemishes. If you continue to have the latter it is because you are unwilling to adopt the "Antexema" treatment, which is very simple, but at the same time, marvelously successful. It is really extraordinary that anyone should go about feeling uncomfortable or looking unsightly when "Antexema" will completely clear the skin of that which obviously is a trouble for a moment and you will see how absurd it is to endure skin troubles, from which, by a slight effort, you might be entirely free. The little illustrated book on "Skin Troubles," which we will send you free if you would like to have it, is exceedingly useful to everyone, as it contains a mass of accurate information about the skin, and it shows not only how to cure all skin ailments, but the way to stay cured afterwards.

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

There are many forms of skin trouble besides those which manifest themselves on the face, neck, or hands, and there are hundreds of thousands of

people who have eczema or some other trouble on the back, chest, legs, feet, or arms, where, though intense discomfort is caused, no one but the sufferer knows of it. One of the most unpleasant incidents in regard to many skin troubles is the terrible irritation they give rise to, in many cases so severe as to break the sleeper's rest and entirely rob it of refreshing power. Possibly, the reader is one of those patiently suffering in this way, though no one else knows anything about your trouble. If so, you can easily cure yourself without explaining a word about it to anyone else. "Antexema" takes away all irritation at once, and will then completely cure you, and the relief gained will be truly delightful.

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A schoolmaster writes as follows:—"I have been a great sufferer from eruptions since October, and have tried endless remedies to no purpose whatever. Without any hope of its doing me any real good, I bought a bottle of 'Antexema.' It is nearly used, and the result is an almost clear face, and not one that, but a healthy-looking skin and a feeling of better health generally. As myself and schoolmaster it has been a dreadful ordeal for months to have to face inspectors, clergymen, etc., with such a disfigurement.

READ THIS CAREFULLY

Do not make the mistake of supposing "Antexema" is intended merely for severe skin ailments; it is just as good for common everyday troubles in the home, such as insect bites and blisters, as it is for eczema, nettle-rash, and shingles. For every purpose for which cold-cream is used "Antexema" answers far better, as it cools, soothes, and, at the same time, cures. "Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, or can be obtained direct, post free, in plain wrapper, for 1s. 3d. A copy of our illustrated family handbook will be sent post free to readers of the *Daily Mirror*, together with free trial of "Antexema," if you mention the *Daily Mirror* and enclose three penny stamps for postage and packing, and send your letter to "Antexema," 83, Castle-road, London, N.W.

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DRAWBACKS TO COMFORT THE SEA AIR MAY INDUCE, AND HOW TO COMBAT THEM.

BEAUTY AT THE SEASIDE.

RECIPES FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE COMPLEXION.

Before Mrs. Templer could answer the question Belinda had put, with respect to any further methods of getting rid of a double chin, Julia hastily interposed.

"Haven't you finished yet?" she asked, rather impatiently. "I believe it is only time wasted asking about mother. She will never take all that trouble to remove her double chin. And I have so many questions to ask that I think it is my turn to be heard."

"Patience, my dear Julia," said Mrs. Templer, smiling. "Don't spoil all your pretty looks with that frown between your eyebrows. Remember that wrinkles are even more ageing than a double chin, and are almost as difficult to get rid of."

Belinda laughed rather triumphantly.

"Now, Julia, just take that lesson to heart and learn patience," she said merrily. "And I only want to be told one more remedy for mother's double chin."

"She should employ the neck exercises I taught you to use," replied Mrs. Templer. "Every morning she must turn her head from side to side as far round as possible, and also extend it as far backwards as she can reach. I may say that had she performed this exercise regularly for some years she would never have been troubled with a double chin."

"Well, I am afraid it is too late now," sighed Belinda. "So I suppose I shall have to console myself with the thought that even if she has a double chin she is a dear, good mother, and handsome as handsome does," she ended laughingly.

"Well, now it is my turn," resumed Julia, again consulting the list of questions she had received from her friends. "One of my friends, who is going to the seaside, wishes to know of some simple and cheap preparation she can put on her face before going out into the sun."

Milk and Lemon Juice for the Face.

"Tell her to rub some good face food into her skin so that all traces of greasiness may be removed, and then to dust it well with prepared Fuller's earth, and over that to apply a coating of the purest rice powder," replied Mrs. Templer. "When she comes in, all this must be washed off, first with a little carbolio oil, which is very soothing to the skin, and then the face must be bathed with milk and lemon juice."

"And is this process to be applied to the hands?" asked Julia.

"Yes, if she wishes to keep them free from sunburn," answered her companion.

"Is it true that the tomato is useful to whiten the skin?" asked Belinda.

"Personally I have not tested it," said Mrs. Templer, "but it is quite probable that its acidity may whiten the skin. The best way to use it is to cut the tomato into slices and rub it on the face and neck. Let this juice remain on for five minutes, when it should be washed off with hot water and borax."

Julia looked up from a letter she held in her hand. "Mabel Hamilton implores me to tell her of a remedy for dry eczema," she said. "She has been suffering from it for some time and thinks it has been worse since she went to the seaside."

"Very possibly," said Mrs. Templer. "The sea air often irritates a skin that has a tendency to eczema, and I should advise her to go inland in future for her holidays. If I prescribe a remedy for your friend, you must, however, understand that I should wish her to consult her own doctor

first, as I do not understand her constitution, and am ignorant of the cause of the eczema."

"But can you not tell her of something to allay the irritation?" asked Julia.

"Well, several people have strongly recommended the use of a mixture composed of half a pint of the best paraffin oil and half a pint of olive oil. The skin must be bathed in this at least twice a day. A very simple diet must be observed, and the system kept in order by a course of green vegetables and fruit, while meat should be almost eradicated from the menu."

"Many thanks," said Julia; "I will write to Mabel to-night."

"I may add that I know of more than one per-

sonal cure effected by this mixture, where the skin has been rendered perfectly clear and smooth," resumed Mrs. Templer. "But the remedy was persevered with for over a month, and I should advise you to tell Miss Hamilton to keep on with the treatment for at least that length of time." At this moment Belinda interposed.

"Talking about the seaside reminds me that a friend of mine says she has found salt and water



A taffetas coat worn with a lace skirt is the height of modishness. Drove in the colour of the silk model shown above, with delicate embroideries of mauve, pink, and blue upon the lapels and cuffs and waistcoat. It is a toilette made for Goodwood.



A more simple coat and skirt costume is shown here, made of white pique, with black velvet on the collar and cuffs, a curious but very smart conceit.

an excellent tonic and cleanser for the hair. She rubs it in with a cloth at the roots of her hair, and finds it has a most invigorating effect upon her locks."

"That is quite possible," said Mrs. Templer. "But I hope you understand that she means a handful of salt thrown into a bowl of water, and not salt water from the sea. Bathing, for instance, often has a most deleterious effect upon the hair, and takes away all its natural gloss."

"When I go to the seaside I shall wear no hat, but shall let the sun play upon my tresses," said Belinda. "A friend of mine who has lovely brown hair says she attributes the rich colour to the fact that she wears her hair loose for an hour every morning and keeps as much in the sun as possible."

"That is one of the practices followed by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt," said Mrs. Templer, "and if possible should be copied by every woman."

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 11.)

"but if he gets through the night the chances will be in his favour."

He lighted his pipe quietly.

"Sit down, Mr. —"

"Chester."

"Your friend's name is Dunville, isn't it? James Dunville was pencilled on the paper wrapped round the bank-notes that were taken from him. I gave the notes to our secretary to lock up in the safe."

"Notes?"

"Yes, a couple of thousand pounds' worth. Twenty 'hundreds'."

"Twenty 'hundreds'?"

"I counted them and jotted down the numbers." But Chester was not listening. He had clasped his hands tightly round his forehead in an endeavour to collect and concentrate his senses.

The parcel of notes that he had taken from Vincent Denvish's offices and entrusted to Tom Mayfield was composed of twenty 'hundreds'."

Were the notes found in Mayfield's possession the actual notes entrusted to him? Had he kept them about him all this time, untouched? If so, what was his object in taking them? Merely to have the pleasure of handling them, gloating over them? The idea was ridiculous. Yet notes, to the exact amount, and each bearing the same face value as those of the original parcel, had been found on him!

For a few moments the mystery threw the tragedy into the background of Chester's mind.

And if these were the original notes that, for some unknown reason, had never been cashed, how had Mayfield obtained the money forwarded to Queenie?

Chester withdrew his hands from his forehead. He had forgotten the surgeon's presence.

Queenie had made it plain to him in her letters that she was in communication with her brother, and that he was paying off his shameful debt by instalments, and yet these two thousand pounds had been found on him.

Chester crossed the room, and steadied himself against the mantelpiece.

Had Queenie been living a lie, making it all up? Was it her money—how obtained, God knew!—that he had paid back to Dexter? All this while had he been living in a fool's paradise, instead of wiping off a debt, incurring another the very thought of which sent the blood rushing back to his heart?

Was this the explanation of Queenie's friendship with Hesper Mordant?

Chester reeled like a drunkard.

Had she sold herself to pay her brother's debt? Was this the explanation?

"You can stay here," said the surgeon, "as long as you like. I must be going my rounds. They'll let you know if you're wanted."

Chester flung himself full length on a couch, and stared up at the ceiling, his face rigid, and his

heart cold with a great fear. "My God, my God!" he cried. "This is my doing!"

He shivered from head to foot.

His face was hidden again in his hands when the house surgeon returned, quietly picked up his pipe, and relighted it; but Chester had not heard his entrance.

He was praying.

When he snatched his hands from his face and staggered to his feet his face wore the look of an old man.

"Pulse has improved," said the house surgeon quietly. "Steadier—not so flickering and intermittent. Good sign altogether."

Chester breathed a sigh of relief and glanced mechanically at the clock. It was past two.

"You needn't go, Mr. Chester. I'm on night duty. Why don't you curl yourself up on that sofa and try to get some sleep. I am afraid Miss Dunville—"

"Mayfield."

"Miss Mayfield didn't get your wire in time. But it will be all right now, I hope—"

Someone rapped quickly on the door.

"Come in!"

It was a nurse.

"Number 37 has recovered consciousness," she said quietly.

"All right; I'm coming."

"Can't I come?" whispered Chester.

"No."

The door closed. Chester was alone again with his thoughts.

(To be continued.)



Lemonade owes its fine full flavour to being partly made in the lemon groves of Sicily.

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Eifel Tower

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ENGLAND'S TEAM FOR THE LAST TEST.

Sensational Batting at the Oval
—Australians' Big Score
at Brighton.

ESSEX LEATHER-HUNTING.

By F. B. WILSON
(Last Year's Cambridge Captain).

The absence of humour in the British nation—a trait of the national character stoutly denied, yet at heart admitted—has never been more conclusively proved than in the present state of affairs about the coming Test match.

Some people apparently have taken seriously the ridiculous—to be very kind—suggestion that the English Test team for the Oval match should be composed of an inferior and untried side. Signed names have been appended to letters seconding this absurd proposal—letters which, unless perpetrated as a colossal and, it must be admitted, an unscrupulous joke, cannot be regarded as other than a positive insult to our Australian visitors.

That England are a stronger side than Australia this year, would be by no means to have watched the series of matches which have ended so conclusively in our favour. Yet it must be recognised and admitted that our team has consistently followed the English side, and that, moreover, the Australians have never once played up to the standard of cricket of which they are capable.

The suggestion will be contemptuously fung aside by every cricketer when looked at from an Australian standpoint as well as our own. As is well known, professionals playing in the Test matches receive a higher rate of remuneration than they do in ordinary matches. Are men such as Haywood, Rhodes, Lilly, Haywood, and others, to be defrauded of what can only be called their rights merely to gratify an impatient desire to hit an enemy when he is down?

The whole matter might cause some fear of disgrace to England, were it not that the Selection Committee, in whom every confidence may be placed, have the business in their hands, and this alone.

The game at the Oval yesterday was a series of surprises. The wicket looked good, and the play, throughout the day, the bowling was on top of the batting. Middlesex, who won the toss, got only 146, so that Surrey's position was a favourable one. At the end of the first innings, Middlesex thus being 30 to the good on the first innings.

Leicester yesterday accomplished a good performance against that very in-and-out side, Essex, which should, under ordinary circumstances, free them from any chance of defeat. Winning the toss, they put up a big score, the first knock, of which Wilkes got 137, Wood 70, and King 63.

The Australians, also, were in fine batting form against the rather ordinary Sussex bowling at Brighton. Duff annexed 82, of a more solid description than usual. Then Noble came out with a huge innings, his play being most part in his usual quiet orthodox style. At the end of the day the state of the game was this: "Australia cannot lose and Sussex cannot win."

Warwick made a poor show in the batting line against Derby, for whom Cadman bowled very well. In fact, they were only able to get 160 before the close of their innings. Wright and Cadman, who is having a good match, opened for Derby, and clearly showed that there was little wrong with the wicket, and thanks to their fine start, Derby were well ahead on the day's play.

Lancashire gained, as might have been expected, a decided though not overwhelming advantage over Nottingham yesterday. MacLaren played, perhaps, his finest innings on the Old Trafford ground this year, his 72 being made by bright and forcing cricket.

Yorkshire, probably the strongest county team in England, had the best of matters at Bradford against Kent yesterday. The latter got 245, of which Broad and Jessop, both of whom have been in rare form lately, got 76 and 60 respectively. Yorkshire, however, batted very well, and at the end of the day's play were in a strong position.

Kent made a poor show against Worcester, who had the good fortune to win the match. In fact, they were only able to get 160 before the close of their innings. Wright and Cadman, who is having a good match, opened for Derby, and clearly showed that there was little wrong with the wicket, and thanks to their fine start, Derby were well ahead on the day's play.

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YORKSHIRE GAIN AN ADVANTAGE.

In spite of good innings by Jessop and Broad, Gloucestershire fared none too well at Bradford yesterday. Score:—

GLoucestershire.		Yorkshire.	
A. Barnett, b. Hirst	38	Spry, b. Myers	0
W. Hall, b. Hirst	11	Hobbs, O. Scott, not out	23
Langdon, b. Ringrose	5	Dennett, c. Haigh	21
Boyd, and b. Hirst	78	Rhodes	24
G. L. Jessop, c. and b.	60	F. Watts, b. Rhodes	10
M. Townsend, b. Myers	60	Extras	10
W. Brown, c. Hunter, b.	1	Total	245
Myers	1		

First Innings—Rothery, c. Dennett, b. Townsend, 76; E. Smith, b. Jessop, 9; Denton, not out, 55; Tunncliffe, not out, 17; B. Hirst, total for 3 wickets, 153.
Lord Hawke, Hirst, Rhodes, Haigh, Myers, Hunter, and Ringrose to bat.

Some sensational batting was witnessed at the Oval yesterday, wickets falling fast throughout. Score:—

MIDDLESEX.		Yorkshire.	
P. F. Warner, b. Knox	22	E. S. Littlejohn, b. Lees	25
E. A. Beldam, c. Hay	43	O. Payne, c. Holland, b.	0
W. B. Hildner, c. Hayes	3	Knox	0
C. P. Hayes, b. Knox	3	W. Birch, b. Knox	0
C. P. Hayes, b. Knox	0	Hearn, c. Hayes, b. Smith	15
Smith	1	Mignon, not out	2
Smith	1	Extras	2
Total	146	Total	46

Second Innings—W. S. Bird, not out, 0; J. T. Hearn, not out, 0; extras, 4; total (for no wicket), 4.

SURREY.		Yorkshire.	
Hayward, c. E. Beldam,	8	Lord Dalmeny, c. Bird, b.	8
Seymour, b. Mignon	18	Mignon	14
Hobbs, b. Mignon	18	Lees, run out	14
Hayes, c. Bird, b. Mignon	7	Smith, c. Bird, b. Hearn	4
J. E. Raphael, b. Hearn	6	N. A. Knox, at Bird, b.	21
Hearn	1	Mignon	8
Mignon	1	Extras	8
Davis, b. Mignon	9	Total	116

Century by Dillon. Kent did well at Worcester, and Dillon made another century. Score:—

Kent.		Worcestershire.	
E. W. Dillon, c. Wilson	117	C. H. B. Marsham, b.	41
R. Foster	117	Solly	41
Hearn, b. Duff	26	Wilson	48
Seymour, b. Foster	26	Fairweather, not out	19
A. Day, c. R. Foster, b.	12	Morton	4
Harrows	12	Wilson	4
Humphreys	64	Extras	4
J. Mason, c. R. Foster, b.	27	Total	432
Huish, b. Wilson	18		

First Innings—Bowler, b. Mason, 6; Pearson, not out, 4; Cuff, b. Mason, 0; extras, 6; total (for 2 wickets), 18.
H. K. Foster, R. E. Foster, G. N. Foster, W. E. Hutchings, Wilson, Gaukrodger, Wheldon, and Solly to bat.

Good Display by Derby. Derby did well against Warwick at Derby yesterday, and finished up the day in a good position. Score:—

Warwickshire.		Derbyshire.	
Devey, at Humphries, b.	29	J. F. Byrne, c. Humphries,	36
Cadman	29	Baker, not out	36
Cadman	25	Santall, c. Humphries, b.	29
Cadman	25	Morton	29
Cadman	0	Hargreave, b. Morton	6
Quaife, b. Warren	20	Field	6
L. B. B. Cadman	7	Extras	6
Bestwick	2	Total	160

Derbyshire. First Innings—J. G. Wright, 117; Lilly, b. Santall, 81; Cadman, run out, 23; G. Cargiven, not out, 9; A. O. Oliviero, not out, 7; extras, 14; total (for 2 wickets), 156.
E. M. Ashcroft, F. O. Hunter, H. Wright, Bestwick, Humphries, Morton, and Warren to bat.

Free Scoring by Leicester. Most of the Leicester batsmen were in form against Essex at Leyton. Score:—

Leicestershire.		Essex.	
C. de Trafford, b. Buckenham	20	Whitehead, b. Douglas	137
C. de Trafford, b. Buckenham	20	W. Odell, c. Harris,	6
C. de Trafford, b. Buckenham	20	Gill, b. Douglas	6
C. de Trafford, b. Buckenham	20	Allsopp, not out	27
C. de Trafford, b. Buckenham	20	Hamson, c.	8
C. de Trafford, b. Buckenham	20	Douglas	6
C. de Trafford, b. Buckenham	20	Extras	3
C. de Trafford, b. Buckenham	20	Total	453

Essex: P. Perrin, C. McGahy, Benham, J. W. H. T. Douglas, Carpenter, G. Tosatti, Reeves, R. P. Keigwin, Buckenham, Tremblin, and Harris.

"ONE MEAL A DAY." Physical Says He Owe Consistent Good Health to Adopting This Principle.

The interest in the discussion on "How many meals a day are best for health?" is unabated, but there is a clear consensus of opinion that there is little to be said for Dr. Hadgon's pronouncement in favour of only one meal a day.

On all sides the verdict of experience is "eat little and often," and most of the writers repeat the arguments which have already appeared in the letters published in the *Daily Mirror*.

One correspondent writes:—
"All last summer I ate once a day only, say on four days a week. For years I have eaten only twice a day."

I take my single meal at 12, 1, or 2 p.m.
When I had thoroughly established the one-meal-a-day habit I did not feel weak at all towards the end of the twenty-four hours. In fact, the chief difference, and it is a very marked one, in the feelings I have as compared with former times when I ate three, four, or five daily meals, is that now I am hardly ever tired.

Formerly I used to be frequently ill. Now I never have even a cold. M. D. Bradford.

BRILLIANT PROSPECTS FOR REGAL GOODWOOD.

The King and Queen Present at
Goodwood House—Probables
for the Stewards' Cup.

"GREY FRIARS'" SELECTIONS.

One of the races trending to the most spirited speculation is the Stewards' Cup, and the contest to-day appears to be in no way less interesting than its predecessors at Goodwood.

The meeting, which opens this afternoon in presence of the King and Queen and a host of the most distinguished members of society, will be one of the most brilliant social festivals of the racing season. The general conditions are perfect for sport, and not for many years has there been a more engaging prospect.

In the latest betting anticipatory of the Stewards' Cup Charcot remains favourite at slightly shorter rates than Curtain Lecture, winner of the recent trial of the Egerton House horses. It apparently puzzles speculators to decide whether Thrush can give Polymelus a run in this species. Housewife unexpectedly appears at the same rate (10 to 1), but a more upsetting candidate in the betting list is Semper Vivent.

It would be unnecessarily tedious to go in detail through the following list of—

PROBABLE STARTERS AND JOCKEYS.	
7 10 10	SAVTRY (Major Edwards).....B. Dillon
4 8 9	LANCASHIRE (Major Edwards).....B. Dillon
4 7 10	IMPERIAL II. (C. Peck).....M. Maher
4 8 6	CHARLOTTE (G. Lambton).....M. Maher
4 8	MELAY (Leach).....H. Jones
4 12	THRUSH (Robson).....B. Hardy
4 7 12	ORCHID (Leach).....B. Hardy
4 7 2	KENY (Brown).....F. Bullock
5 6 8	GOLD LOCK (Harry Powney).....Madden
5 7 5	UNINSURED (Allen).....Blades
4 7 1	HOUSEWIFE (Blackwell).....Blades
4 7 1	SIR DANIEL (Robinson).....Griggs
3 7 1	POLYMELOS (H. Chadler).....Griggs
4 7 1	HALF HOLIDAY (H. Chadler).....Griggs
4 6 3	ROSEBURY (Hugh Powney).....Madden
5 6 0	CAPER (Davies).....Vivian
3 6 0	CURTAIN LECTURE (Marsh).....Vivian

*Claims 5lb allowance.

Albeit there will be fewer than twenty runners. Luck in the draw for places at the post and luck in the actual start under the "gate" may prove determining factors of the first importance in such a race. I shall divide my vote between Thrush and Polymelus. In the West Dean Stakes that very much improved colt, Pamir, should credit the Duke of Devonshire with the stake.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

GOODWOOD.	
1.30—Craven Stakes—POLLON.	
2.0—Gratwick Stakes—STADTHOLDER.	
2.45—Stewards' Cup—POLYMELOS.	
3.15—West Dean Plate—PAMIR.	
3.45—Richmond Stakes—LALLY.	
4.15—Charlton Water—AURIFORM.	
4.45—Ham Stakes—RAYON.	

SPECIAL SELECTION.

PAMIR. GREY FRIARS.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

GOODWOOD.

1.30—CRAVEN STAKES of 500 each for starters, with 150 so added. Travellers (5 mile and a quarter).

GRAAT STAKES of 100 each, 4 ft. colts, 5 ft. fillies, 10 lb. the produce of mares covered in 1901.	
1. Caro	2. 9
3. Potomac	4. 8
5. Pollux	6. 8
7. 10	8. 8
9. 8	10. 8
11. 8	12. 8
13. 8	14. 8
15. 8	16. 8
17. 8	18. 8
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89. 8	90. 8
91. 8	92. 8
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97. 8	98. 8
99. 8	100. 8

4.45—STEWARDS' CUP of 200 each (part in specie), added to the handlings; sweepstakes of 100 each, 4 ft. T.Y.C. (six furlongs).

(FOR PROBABLE STARTERS AND JOCKEYS, SEE PAGE 15.)

3.15—WEST DEAN PLATE of 105 sovs. Last five furlongs of T.Y.C.

CRICKET.	
1. Crick	2. 9
3. 9	4. 8
5. 8	6. 8
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89. 8	90. 8
91. 8	92. 8
93. 8	94. 8
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97. 8	98. 8
99. 8	100. 8

4.45—RICHMOND STAKES of 250 each, 4 ft. colts, 5 ft. fillies, 10 lb. the produce of mares covered in 1901.

LALLY.	
1. Lally	2. 9
3. 9	4. 8
5. 8	6. 8
7. 8	8. 8
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87. 8	88. 8
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91. 8	

PERSONAL.

ALBERT.—Return to your wife. Same address.—E. H. MAY.—Proposition to make. Meet me soon. A present waiting you. Think he would forgive.

E. DEAREST.—I am to Museum, Camberwell New-road, every Sunday evening from 8 till 10.—E.

ST. GABRIEL'S (weak, medium) want Bank Holiday Match. Twenty miles out. Private ground.—McCutcheon 110, Wandsworth-road, M. Miss Park, E.

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THE COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3.0, 6.0, and 9.0. All seats in all parts numbered and reserved. Stamped admission envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.

PRICES: Boxes £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., and £1 1s.; Palls 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.; Stalls 5s., 3s., and 2s. (Telephone No. 7,689 Gerrard) Grand Tier 1s.; Balcony 6d. (Telephone No. 7,690 Gerrard) Children under 12 half-price to 5d. Pateuils and Stalls. Telegram, "Coliseum, London."

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CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY. COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION. Representative Displays from all parts of the World. GREAT ROMAN AND CAMP. Displays by Native Warriors, 2.30, 4.30, and 6.30. CAPE OF GOOD HOPE. 4.30 and 8.0. BAND OF WEST INDIA REGIMENT 4.30 and 8.0. BROOK'S FIREWORKS EVERY THURSDAY AND SATURDAY.

Table d'hôte Luncheons and Dinners in the new Dining-Room overlooking the grounds and fireworks displays. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.

CRYSTAL PALACE. BANK HOLIDAY. CONTINUOUS PROGRAMME ALL DAY. Cycle Meeting. Balloon Ascent. Captain's Flying Machine. Wagon's Palace de l'Optique. Topsy Turvy Railway. Fairy Archipelago. Voyage in a Submarine. Military Bands playing all day. GORGEOUS FIREWORK DISPLAY BY BROOK. Colossal Fire Picture, the Battle of T-m-sh-sh.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, "HENGLE'S." OXFORD-CIRCUS, W. Over 200 Acting and Performing Animals. Daily 3 and 8. Prices from 6d. Children half-price all parts. Telephone 4128 Gerrard. "Jumbo Junior," Society's latest pet. "At Home," daily.

NAVAL, SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES EXHIBITION, EARLS COURT. 11 a.m. till 11 p.m. Admission 1s. Naval Construction, Armaments, Shipping, and Fisheries. NELSON'S CENTINEL'S C.S. Fishing Village. Working Exhibits. Model of "Victory," BAND OF HERALD LIFE GUARDS. EXHIBITION NAVAL BAND. On board the full-size Cruiser. Specially ventilated, coolest place in London. Real Batteries of 47 Guns. Hotchkiss and Maxims. The Cruiser is manned by a crew of 150 Hardy-men. PANORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR. West's Own Navy. Maxims' Captive Flying Machine. T. J. Grotto, Indian Village. Burton's Great Red Indian Village—Chiefs, Squaws, and Papooses. Voyage in a Submarine. Van der Meer's Hunted Cabin. Famous Sea Fights. Miss de Rohan's Musical and Dramatic Sketches. Williamson Cannon.

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By Daylight Corridor and Dining Car train. Tickets from THE POLYTECHNIC, 59, Regent-street, W.

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ISLE OF MAN FOR HEALTH AND HOLIDAYS. Sunniest spot in United Kingdom. Air bracing and scenery charming. Guides, excursions, hotel and apart. list post free.—WALTER D. KEIG, 27 Imperial-buildings, Leicester Square, E.C.

The World is our Oyster
We open it for you

JEAN AND AWSON

TOURIST AGENTS

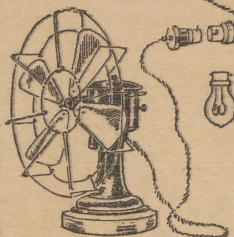
If on business or pleasure best seek our advice. We will save you time and money. We issue Official Tickets of Railway & Steamship Co. We arrange pleasure tours and cruises. Our British Scotch & Irish Tours for short or long periods are of the Cheapest and Best. We issue Round-trip Tickets for Continental travel at about 50% less than ordinary fares. Tell us where you wish to join any part of the world and we will fix up the lowest rates by the best routes. Our services will cost you nothing.

82, STRAND (Approach Hotel Cecil) W.C. and Branches.

HOW TO KEEP COOL DURING THE HOT WEATHER

Use an ELECTRIC FAN at Home as well as in the Office.

50/- Complete with 5 yds. of wire. 15 yds. of wire. 50/-



Simply attach in place of lamp—no fixing or fitting required. If you fill up and send this Coupon with your Order it will entitle you to a Discount of 5 per cent.

"Daily Mirror" DISCOUNT COUPON.
F.O.
Enclosed please find cheque for.....
for..... of my Electric Fan
Volage of my Electric supply is.....
Name.....
Address.....

RASHLEIGH, PHIPPS & CO.,
147, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

WHELPON'S PILLS
CURE
HEADACHE, INDIGESTION,
CONSTIPATION, BILE.

H.J.S.
Suits, &c., TO MEASURE
Only, on "THE TIMES" Plan
of MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

To still further extend our already large Cash Tailoring business, we have completed arrangements whereby we are now prepared to accept orders on the above conditions. No objectionable methods. Subscriptions to be paid at our office or by post only. Gentlemen who appreciate well-cut and well-finished garments should certainly give a call, or samples of choice materials and full particulars will be forwarded on receipt of a card to H. J. Searle & Son, Ltd., 82, Cheapside, E.C. First Floor. Phone 5442 Central.

£1 A DAY
and 12 per cent.
A YEAR
for each £50
Withdrawable deposit.
Smaller sums in proportion.
Capital and Interest absolutely secured
By BRITISH MORTGAGE BONDS.
Third year of continually increasing success.
The Bonus for each £50 Mortgage Bond
entitled to monthly interest and Bonus has been:
In 1903, £203 5s. In 1904, £202 5s.
In the first 6 months of 1905, £183 17s. 6d.
Prospectus free. Write D. C. South Coast
Syndicate, 156 Stamford Street, London S.E.

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RUBBER HEELS
Save Ten Times Their Cost.

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119 and 120, Bishopsgate-st., Withen, E.C. London.
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Branches at Manchester, Liverpool, Bradford, Leeds, Bristol, Birmingham, Cardiff, and Sheffield.
Assets, £694,403. Liabilities, £372,291. Surplus, £322,112. 23 per cent. allowed on current balances. Deposits of £10 or upwards received as under: Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per annum.

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EACH STANDS FOR HEALTH. Every Pill in a box of Dr. Scott's is an invaluable corrective of stomach and liver troubles. They relieve and cure headache, biliousness, indigestion, wind, and all liver and kidney complaints—that constant tired feeling, depression and general sensation of being "run-down."

GET DR. SCOTT'S PILLS. Sold by all Chemists, 1/12 & 2/9 per Box, done up in a green wrapper. Note that.

DR. SCOTT'S PILLS

Consumption Can be Cured.



Dr. P. Vonkerman, Specialist, discoverer of a remarkable Cure for Consumption.

To a renowned specialist the realm of medical science have at last yielded the secret of a mysterious specific which cures Consumption. This deadly disease need no longer strike terror to the hearts of those upon whom this brightening truth has fallen, for the healing power of this wonderful discovery is such that even sufferers given up to die have been by it restored to perfect health. All who suffer from Consumption may prove for themselves how readily they can be cured by this remarkable treatment. If you are in Consumption send your name and address to the Dr. P. Vonkerman Co., Ltd., Dept. 821, 6, Boulevard-street, London, E.C. They will immediately forward to you a trial treatment of this marvellous discovery.

ABSOLUTELY FREE

together with all information for the successful treatment and cure of Consumption or its allies—bronchitis, asthma, and catarrh.

Write to-day. Do not hesitate. The trial treatment will convince you that there is now a cure for Consumption.

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The Most Wholesome form of Fat
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ATORA
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Sole by Grocers and Dealers at 9d. per lb.
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Current Accounts. 2 p.c. Interest allowed on minimum monthly balance when not drawn below 250s.
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Advances made. Stocks and Shares bought and sold.
Apply C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary, Southampton Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.

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OLD Artificial Teeth bought; good prices given; money sent return post if price not accepted terms returned. V. Pearce 10 Granville-st. Hove, Brighton.

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APARTMENTS for business ladies or gentlemen, opposite Tube—42, Drayton-park, Highbury.

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Go to

THE ALBION HOUSE CLOTHING CO., LONDON.

83 to 85, Aldgate; 157, Minories; 50-61, New Oxford St.; 161 to 163, High St., Boro'; Railway Approach, Rye Lane, Peckham, and 80, Western Rd., Brighton.

YOU SAVE 25%.

ALL GOODS ARE WELL MADE & OUR OWN MANUFACTURE

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From 42/-, 38/-, 33/-, 28/-, 25/- 9/11

GENT'S TROUSERS

At 12/11, 9/11, 7/11, 5/11, 4/6 3/3

YOUTH'S SUITS

32/-, 26/-, 22/-, 18/-, 14/-, 12/-, 10/- 7/11

GENT'S SUITS MADE TO MEASURE.

From 24/- to 60/-

BOYS' SUITS in all conceivable Shapes and Fashions at the Lowest Prices in London.

All Sizes always in Stock.

AN EXTRA PAIR OF KNICKERS of the same material

FREE OF CHARGE

WITH THE LEADING LINES.

OFFICERS', SEAMEN'S, & APPRENTICES' OUTFITS.

BADGES of every description at Lowest Prices.

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A—Art; easy work at home; stitching prints and Xmas Cards; addressed envelope for particulars—Art Studio, 6, Great James-st., W.C.

A fresh start for steady, active men who cannot get employment in their own trade; neither previous experience nor entry required.—Write 1,846, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., E.C.

AGENTS wanted.—6d. Firelighter lights 500 fires last 12 months.—Lighter Depot, Netherhall, Doncaster.

AMBITIOUS.—Men anxious to get on should join the School of Motoring, 12, Whitefriars-st., E.C. by return.—Berry-st. Liverpool; and 225, Deansgate, Manchester.

FREE Sample Pocket Rubber Stamp; your own name and address with particulars of spare time agency.—Dept. 2, 83, Aldersgate-st., London.

FIVE Pounds per week earned by advertisement writers.—We teach you the profession and get you to a position; list of employed graduates and prospectus post free.—Page-Davis Co. (Dept. 100), 195, Oxford-st., London.

LAND, HOUSES, ETC., FOR SALE.

CHEAPEST House Ever Sold.—Six miles from London. Five minutes from station. Two from electric trams: £58 will purchase outright well-built modern house with front and back gardens; cost over £225 to build; owner must sell at once! Full particulars of L. P. E. 27, Charles-st. St. James's, E.W.

GRAND Position.—Shop, 11 rooms, 1 acre freehold land; 7 minutes Stamford-Hope Station, 55 miles London; delightful healthy district; free docks; institutions.—Homesteads (O) Ltd. 27, Essex-st., Strand, W.C.

HOUSES, OFFICES, ETC., TO LET.

FREE to Rentpayers.—The current number of an illustrated magazine will be sent post free on application to those who would like to know how to use their rent to their house.—Write to The Editor, Box 375, "Home," 2, Brunel-st. London, E.C.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS.

FARMHOUSE, modern and superior, near Clacton-on-Sea; paying guests taken; good accommodation for motor and motor cycle; use of pony trap; terms moderate.—Box 1844, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., E.C.

GREAT Yarmouth—Garibaldi Hotel, for gentlemen; moderate terms; large hall; billiard room; bright, sunny rooms; sea edge; promenade; grand view; ocean breezes; elegant cool dining saloon. Oriental lounge; music room; billiard room; excellent cuisine; bright, sunny rooms; from 27s. 6d.—Mrs. Nicholls Marisa. Havre-des-Pas, Jersey.

JERSEY—Stay at "Marisa," the popular Boarding-house, on sea edge; promenade; grand view; ocean breezes; elegant cool dining saloon. Oriental lounge; music room; billiard room; excellent cuisine; bright, sunny rooms; from 27s. 6d.—Mrs. Nicholls Marisa. Havre-des-Pas, Jersey.

JERSEY where to stay, Brompton Villa, Great Union-st.—Near sea; from 4s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. per day; write for illustrated booklet with particulars.—Proprietress.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHATHAM House College, Ramsgate.—Founded 94 years. High-class school for the sons of gentlemen. Army professions and commercial life, cadet corps attached to the 1st V.B.R.E.R. ("The Buffs"); junior school for boys under 15; 48-page illustrated prospectus sent on application to the Headmaster.

